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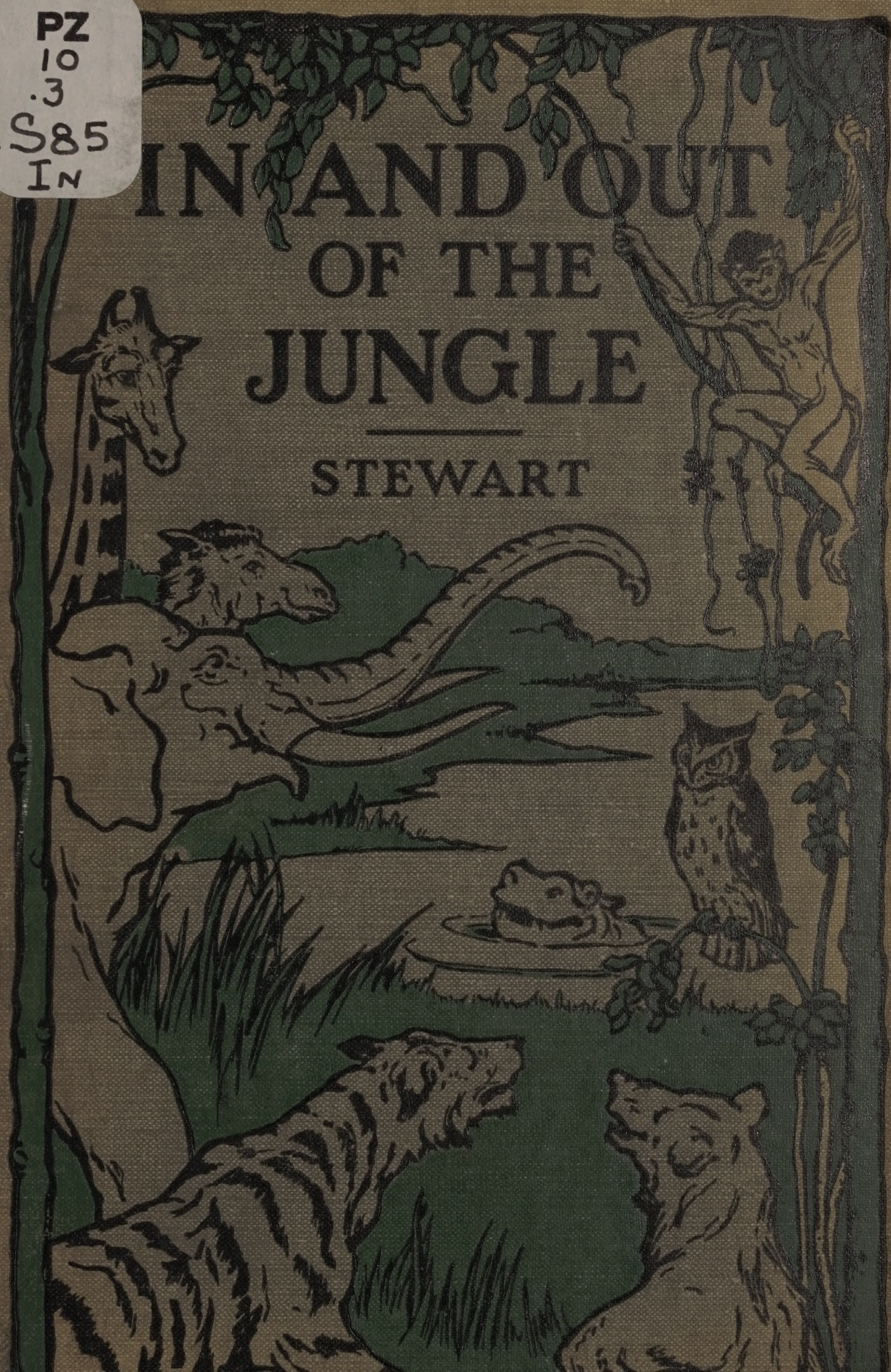
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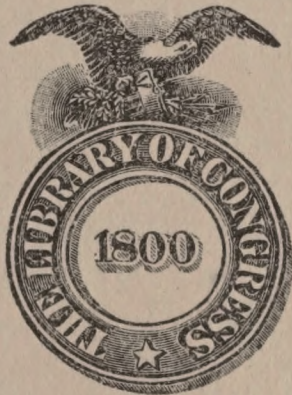
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IN AND OUT OF THE JUNGLE

STEWART



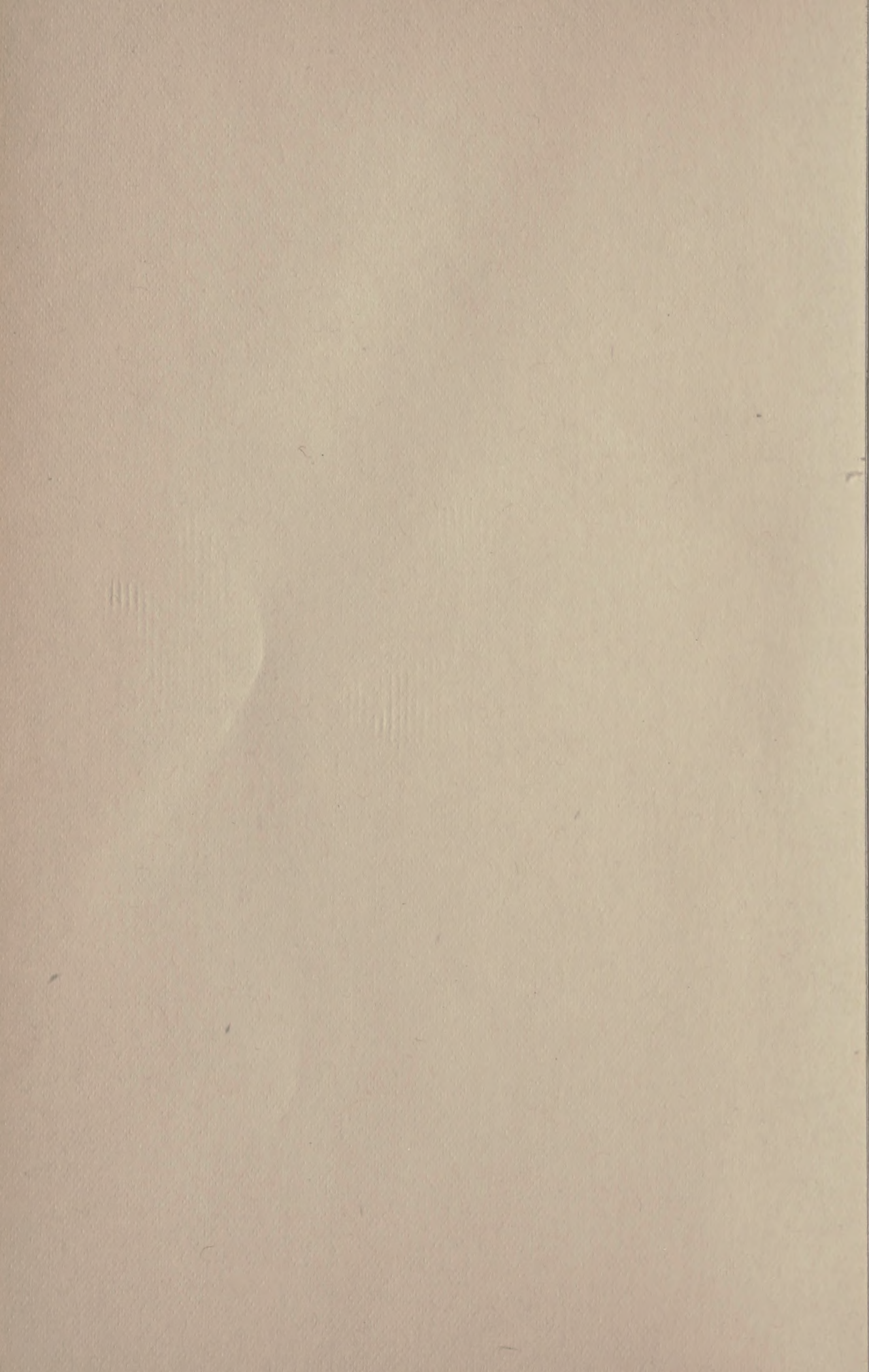


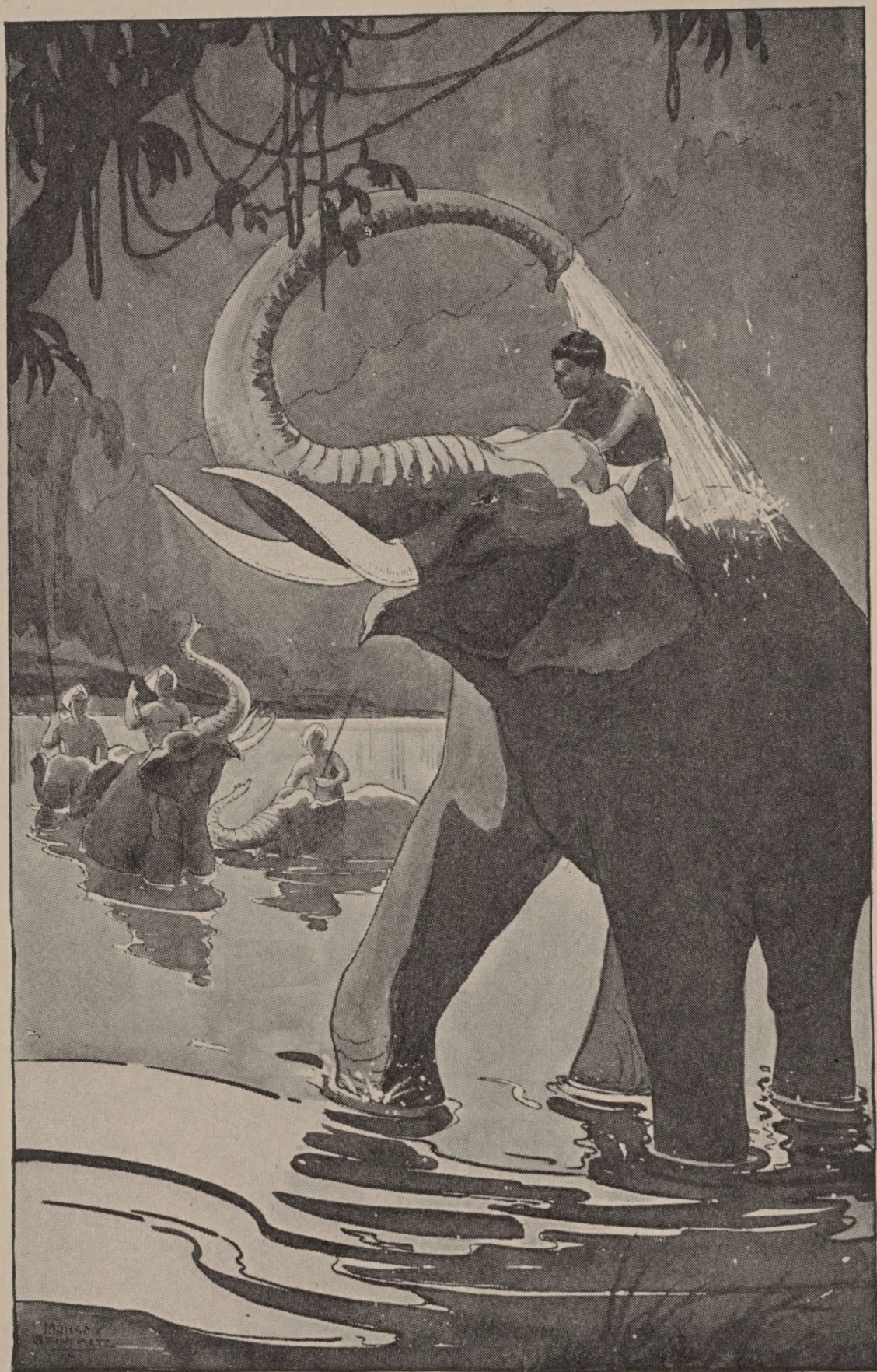
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MAWI AND HUSKY TAKING A BATH

IN AND OUT OF THE JUNGLE

BY
GRACE BLISS STEWART



D. C. HEATH & CO., PUBLISHERS

BOSTON

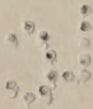
NEW YORK

CHICAGO

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PRINTED IN U.S.A.

OCT 14 '22
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TO
ETHEL R. PEYSER
WHOSE INSPIRING ENCOURAGEMENT
HAS MEANT SO MUCH TO ME

PREFACE

THESE tales were written for all children who love to read good stories and at the same time like to learn something about their animal friends.

I have made an effort to give information that is authentic concerning the lives, habits, and appearance of the animals and have used care on questions of climate and vegetation. Having passed some time in nearly all the countries mentioned, I have, I hope, been able to place these stories in their appropriate setting and atmosphere.

As the earlier years of a child's life are the most impressionable and as at that time the foundations for taste in reading are being laid, I have tried to clothe this information in a dress of humor and charm. Even though the days of prosy moral dissertations for children are past, there may be a precept or two hidden away under the jungle leaves of this little volume.

CONTENTS

	PAGE
MAWI AND THE ELEPHANT	I
ONE GOOD TURN DESERVES ANOTHER	5
A GAME OF BALL	10
THE DEAR LITTLE DEER	16
CARRIE CARABAO	21
MOTHER NATURE NEVER FORGETS.	26
BILLIE MONGOOSE KILLS A SNAKE	33
MR. OWL'S NIGHT SCHOOL (<i>First Session</i>)	36
MR. OWL'S NIGHT SCHOOL (<i>Second Session</i>).	44
HOW PONY DICK CAME TO THE RESCUE	54
THE JUNGLE LIFE-SAVER	57
WHAT FELL ON BILLIE MONGOOSE	62
WITS WIN	70
SUNNY BEAR GOES COASTING	75
JUNGLE BABIES	79
A WILD GOOSE CHASE	87
THE TALE OF A TAIL	94
MONKEYSHINES	96
HOW SNOWY LEOPARD LOST HIS SPOTS	107
THE MORNING BATH	111
HOW THE ANIMALS CHOSE A KING	116
THE GOOD CITIZEN	121
THE JUNGLE CAFETERIA	129
THE SAD LITTLE BLACKBIRD	139
HUSKY TUSKY THE FAITHFUL	142
JIMMY FRISKY AND JANE	146
THE GREAT ESCAPE	153
HOW RAFFY GIRAFFE GREW TALL.	158
THE JUNGLE FLAG	162

ILLUSTRATIONS

	PAGE
MAWI AND HUSKY TAKING A BATH	<i>Frontispiece</i>
THROUGH THE AIR FLEW THE STURDY LIVING BALL	II
"ORDER!" COMMANDED MR. OWL	39
SOON THEY WERE ALL EATING COCOANUTS	67
DOWN THE HILLSIDE ROLLED MR. BEAR	77
MRS. GROSBEAK WAS ENJOYING HER BATH	113
ALL THE BEAVERS WERE EAGER FOR WORK	123
"GOOD MORNING, DR. BLACKBIRD," SAID WADI	141
AT LAST RAFFY'S LONG TONGUE TOUCHED THE LEAVES	159
POLLY PARROT PAINTED BIG STRIPES ON STRIPEY TIGER	163

IN AND OUT OF THE JUNGLE

MAWI AND THE ELEPHANT

Away off in Singapore, the palm trees grow very tall, and the sun comes down so scorching hot that anyone but a little brown boy must run for a shady place, or else become limp and dizzy.

Well, it was on one of these hot, hot days, like all the others in the year except some in January which are not quite so warm, that little Mawi begged his father to let him ride on Husky Tusky when he went to work in the morning. The great gray elephant, with his rough, tough hide and his twinkling, shoe-button eyes, was the little boy's best friend. Nobody knew much about it though, for Husky whispered down through his trunk into Mawi's ear when he wanted to talk, and they kept their secrets to themselves.

But this morning father was very, very firm and wouldn't let Mawi go, for "Business is business" was his reply, also "I can't be bothered," and all such things that fathers say. So Husky just winked his tiny, shiny eye, flapped one ear, and whispered to Mawi, "Wait till tonight!"

Then off they went to work, Husky Tusky and Mawi's father. Did you think that elephants never had to work? Oh, yes indeed, they must work, and you would be surprised to see how willing and skillful they are. Husky had to carry big blocks of tin down to the ships—big shiny blocks like silver bricks, which had been made of tin after it was taken out of the mines. The ships with their broad black sides were waiting to take this tin all over the world, and, who knows, maybe our very own roof is made of it.

Husky worked patiently all through the hot day, while Mawi waited at home, thinking of what Husky had whispered down his trunk to him, and trying to make the time go fast by moulding little mud images and weaving grass mats.

Evening came at last, and Mawi's father and the great tired elephant came home, tramp, tramp, along the dusty road. "Hello, hello, hello," trumpeted Husky as well as he could, considering the thirstiness which was choking him. Mawi was so delighted that he jumped up and ran to meet his father and the big gray playmate. Husky Tusky picked Mawi up with his trunk, quickly but very gently, and swung him up on to his broad back. There sat the little boy, just behind the elephant's ear, where he could talk to him as much as he wanted to, and in this way all three slowly wound their way down to the river.

At sight of the lovely cool pool, Husky forgot all about being hot and tired and hurried into the water

with Mawi on his back. Many other elephants and their drivers were there, taking their evening baths after a hard day, but no elephant was so big and strong and gentle as Husky Tusky. Mawi was very proud as Husky drew the water into his trunk and then playfully threw it all over Mawi and his own broad back. Husky could trumpet louder than anyone else too, and Mawi almost fell off his back with glee when Husky sent a long call, shrilling and thrilling through the Jungle.

All at once darkness fell like a soft, warm blanket over everything. That's the way night comes in countries around the equator—that imaginary line, near which everything is very hot. However, that is another story which maybe you'll hear some day.

Then the large, twinkling stars came out, and Husky, Mawi, and Mawi's father started home in the cool evening, for as soon as the sun goes to bed in Singapore, the air is no longer hot.

On the way Mawi saw Billie Mongoose hurry by and wave his tail in greeting. Jack, the Monkey, chattered "Goodnight" from a tree above, and Grouchy Camel gave a snarl from his surly, curly lips, for he was in a very bad mood as usual.

By this time Mawi was getting very drowsy from the soft, regular pad of Husky's feet on the ground and the roly, swingy motion of his body, and before Mawi knew it he was dreaming. Did he really dream that Husky Tusky walked ever so gently

home, that the soft branches of the trees tickled Mawi's little nose, that at his very own door Husky tenderly lifted him down with his trunk, and that father put his little son to bed?

This wasn't much trouble for father, because, you see, Mawi wore very few clothes and had already taken his bath in the river. That's a jolly way of going to bed, isn't it?

ONE GOOD TURN DESERVES ANOTHER

Bulky Hippo was having a glorious time. He had eaten and tramped his way half through a small African sugar-cane plantation, but had not had nearly enough. He looked joyfully across the rest of the field to a row of watermelons along the edge, which would make a delicious dessert. Bulky had an enormous appetite; but, with a stomach eleven feet long, who wouldn't have to eat five or six bushels of food to fill it?

"Yum, yum," munched Bulky, "this is nice out here in the cool twilight. It's just the way I like it — time of day, kind of things to eat, and everything. The rest of the family like it fully as well as I do."

He listened for a few grunts of satisfaction from the herd, but not a sound! He looked up. Not a hippo was to be seen! Bulky was too surprised to be frightened, and then too frightened to know what to do.

"Why, I thought they were coming right along behind me," said Bulky. "What has become of them? There's a raindrop on my nose; now I'll never find them!"

You see the hippopotamus completely loses his scent after a rainfall, so that he is not able to find his herd if he has wandered away very far.

Poor Bulky stood in the midst of the sugar cane which had looked so good to him a short while before, sadly munching and listening for a sound of his mates. His hearing was about all he had left, for his eyesight was very bad. Not a sound could he hear, except the splash of the great raindrops on his tough hide. The heavy tropical showers usually pleased Bulky, but he didn't like this one, as he was too upset. Something must be done. Never mind those tempting, green watermelons now; he must find that dear, friendly herd!

Off trudged Bulky through the cane field, leaving it trampled flat under his heavy feet. Out over the open space around the plantation he went, and into the thick Jungle. The shower was over, but everything was wet and steamy. The great leaves and dripping vines flapped against Bulky Hippo's rough sides and scraped his broad back as he plowed along.

"Now I'm in the densest, darkest part of the deep Jungle," thought Bulky, "and I do hope I'll find the Winding Way soon!"

Just then he saw two shining yellow lights, glaring out at him through the darkness. In spite of his bigness, Bulky was frightened, for there was Blacky Panther, stretched along the low limb of a tree, waiting to drop down on somebody.

"Only he shall not spring on me," said Bulky to himself as he swerved to one side and crashed through the thick growth opposite. A snarly growl

of disappointment from Blacky Panther followed Bulky. In a minute or two he found that he was out on the Winding Way, and not far off he could see the Yellow River. When Bulky Hippo came upon Ranny Rhinoceros down by the muddy river bank, Bulky had never been so relieved in his life.

"Hello," said Ranny in a cross voice, shaking his tiny, thin tail, and wriggling all over. "I don't suppose you have any ideas at all, but I'm dreadfully uncomfortable and at my wits' end to know what to do about it. You see, this armor plate which covers me is very wonderful indeed, made as it is in great slabs put together with thinner skin. It is wonderful, isn't it?" asked Ranny in a boastful tone.

"Yes, indeed, it is very wonderful, of course," replied Bulky, "but — "

"That's just it; there's always a *but*," broke in Ranny angrily. "Those hinges are perfectly splendid for hinging, and I'm as proud as I can be of my armor plate. But when tiny insects so small that you can't see them get into the cracks and bite and bite and bite, I wish I were hairy and ugly like Jacky Monk, or even smooth and slippery like Twisty Python. Now just tell me what can a fellow do?"

Bulky Hippo wasn't very bright, but he was kind-hearted, and sometimes that's much better, so he thought a minute and then said, "I have it! Jump into this soft, sticky mud banked by the side of the

Yellow River. It will fill up all those horrid cracks, and nothing more can possibly get in."

Ranny didn't wait a minute, but plunged down into the softest, muddiest place he could find, and as he went blub, blub, up and down in the mud, he began to feel cool and comfortable, and then he thought to himself, "It's queer how people always overlook the things which are right under their noses. Bulky was very kind to think of this for me. But what makes him so sad, I wonder?"

Ranny had caught sight of Bulky on the shore, looking very gloomy, so Ranny shouted, climbing out of the mud, "That was perfectly splendid, Bulky. I wish I could do something for you!"

"Maybe you can," wept Bulky, who had grown more and more homesick every minute. "I'm lost, and I can't scent my herd, because it has been raining. I've tramped through the Jungle and I came near being eaten up by Blacky Panther. I know I'll never be able to find the folks again."

"That's easy," answered Ranny, who was now smiling good-naturedly. "I'll take you home! Come on. I'm quite sure your family is in this direction."

So off trotted Bulky Hippo and Ranny Rhino, side by side, along the Winding Way, through the tall jungle grasses and thick jungle vines, and down by the Yellow River, as happy as could be. Each one was thinking how fine it is to have a good friend, and that the best way to keep a good friend is to be one.

A GAME OF BALL

Bolita, the armadillo, was feeling sad — yes, very sad indeed. He had overheard Jacky Monk saying that armor was all out of fashion, that nobody wore it any more, and that it looked very funny. Poor little Bolita! His feelings were tender if his shell did seem hard. He had always been proud of that shell too. Those horny plates had covered and protected him well, and even if they appeared to be clumsy, they weren't a bit heavy. He could run very fast in his armor plate, and could also burrow. He never gave anyone time for a second thought about catching him. Like a flash, he would dig down deep into the ground and go out of sight.

"My coat of mail is not only useful, but very beautiful," thought Bolita. "The splendid pattern all over it makes me look as if I were wrapped in a fancy blanket. I don't see what Jacky Monk meant, anyway."

The little armadillo lives in South America, and the people there call him Bolita, which means "little ball." They give him this name because he can roll himself up into a tight little ball when he is attacked and knows he can't get away. One small piece of hard, horny shell on his head, another on his back,

and another over his tail fit together so perfectly that no part of his body is exposed.

Soon saucy Jacky Monk came swinging along through the trees. He was holding on first by his hands and then by his tail, going in long, easy leaps from limb to limb. He was tired of exercise and was looking for fun, when he noticed Bolita.

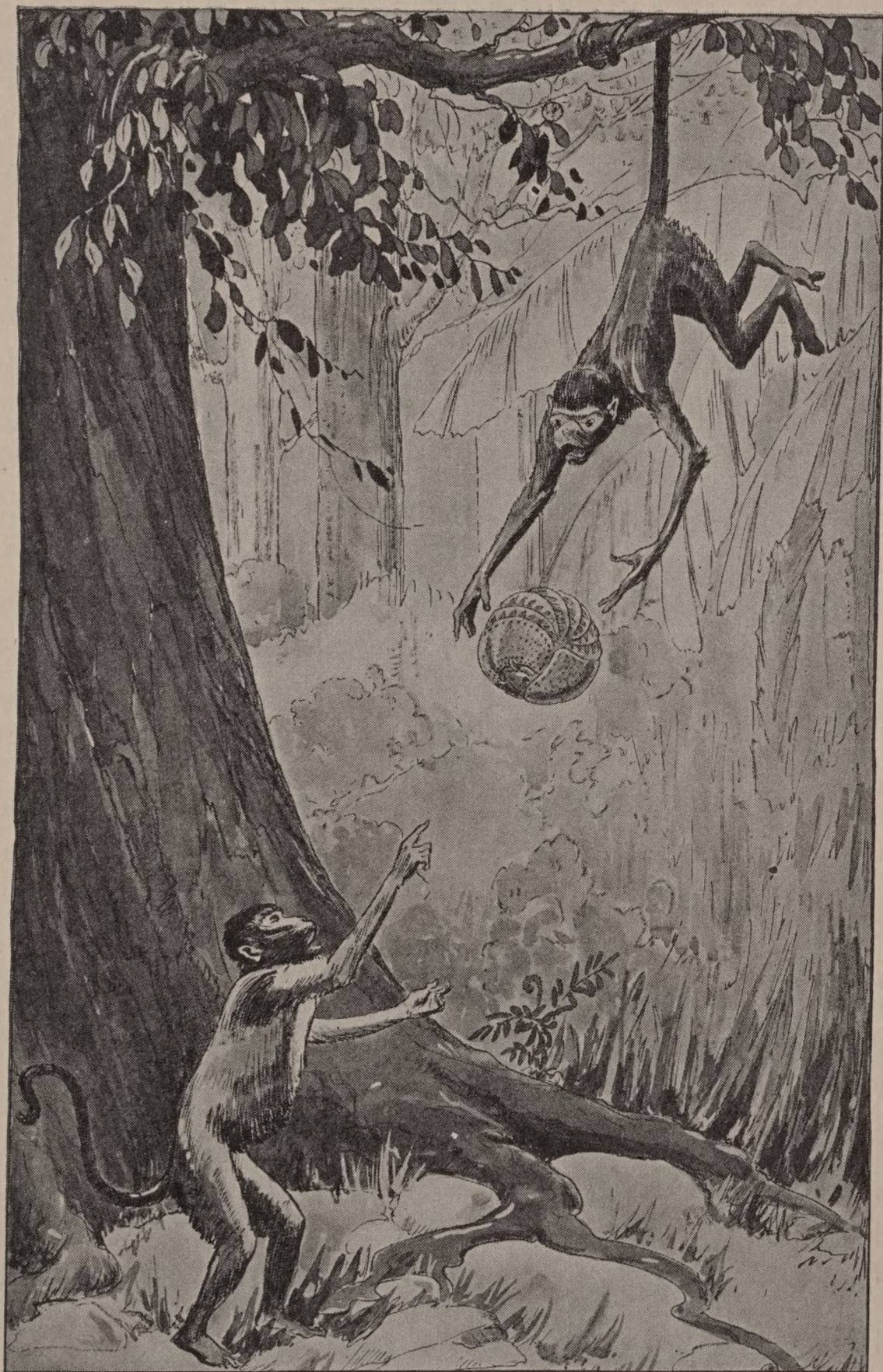
"There is somebody to tease," thought Jacky, chuckling at the idea. "I'll just drop down and pinch his tail."

Bolita Armadillo was eating his breakfast. He was digging up good fresh roots, and finding a juicy worm now and then too, when plop! down dropped Jacky Monk beside him. Bolita was dreadfully startled. He was so frightened that he rolled up into a ball, quick as a wink. Instinct told him to protect himself in that way, as there wasn't a chance for him to run.

Well, Jacky was the most astonished monkey you ever saw. Was this funny round thing Bolita, whom he had seen only a second ago?

"I'll get hold of his tail, anyway," thought Jacky, "and I guess he will find out who's here then. He'll soon learn not to snub folks like this another time."

Over and over, round and round, Jacky rolled that funny little ball, but no tail could he find. There simply wasn't any tail, not a sign of one, on that hard, rough surface; not even a claw, nor a nose, nor anything. Jacky was disgusted and disappointed.



THROUGH THE AIR FLEW THE STURDY LIVING BALL

He was wondering what prank he could play next, when he heard a faint rustle in the trees.

“Oh, hello, Brother Longlegs,” chirped Jacky with delight, as the Spider Monkey leaped into the tree above. “Let’s have a game of ball! Here, catch this!”

Then up into the cinnamon tree Jacky tossed Bolita. Brother Longlegs who was hanging head downward from a branch by his long tail, which he uses just like a hand, caught the little ball and threw it back to Jacky. Over and over through the air flew the sturdy living ball. If Jacky was disgusted before, how do you think Bolita was feeling now? He was even more surprised and disgusted and angry at such treatment. But he couldn’t help it, so he just kept rolled up tight and hoped Jacky and Brother Longlegs would get tired — as tired as he was.

Playing ball was fun enough, but when the armadillo simply refused to unroll, Jacky lost interest. There was little excitement when he wasn’t at all sure that he was teasing Bolita. Maybe Bolita liked it, and if that were so, then all the fun was gone for Jacky. Monkeys never stick to anything very long anyway, so when Jacky called to his playmate, “Come on, let’s hunt up some cocoanuts,” Brother Longlegs chattered with delight. “Why not do some gymnastics too?” he asked, as they went swinging off through the trees. They had forgotten Bolita entirely.

But Bolita hadn’t forgotten that game of ball.

There he lay on the ground, just too frightened to move. He was afraid those provoking monkeys would change their minds and come back. For the longest time he didn't dare to unroll. Then as he was about to stretch out, Shuffle, the ant bear, came by and with his long, sticky nose poked at Bolita. Shuffle uses his nose to catch ants. He just dives into an ants' nest and brings his nose out, covered with enough of these insects for a good meal. It was only curiosity and playfulness that made Shuffle roll the armadillo over, but Bolita was tired of that sort of treatment. When Polly Parrot flew down and gave him a few sharp pecks, he thought he couldn't stand it another minute.

"Well, thank goodness, they have gone," said Bolita to himself, when Polly had flown with a scream into the cinnamon tree, and Shuffle, the ant bear, had tiptoed off on his long, awkward claws. He looked like a haystack, for his enormous bushy tail of coarse hair covered him all over like a fur rug. He goes to sleep under his tail at night, because it's as good as a comforter and large enough to tuck in around the edges.

By this time Bolita Armadillo was beginning to feel easy in his mind again.

"I guess it is all over now," thought he. "I haven't any patience with such silly pranks. I don't see a bit of fun in them myself, but, of course, there are many different ideas about a joke. Well, here's

for a good stretch at last. My legs are cramped! Goodness gracious, what is that?"

A soft paw had touched him — yes, a very soft paw. But this paw wasn't small, and the stroke that came from it wasn't gentle, either. It was a heavy, powerful blow which sent Bolita Armadillo rolling over the ground. Bolita knew whose paw this was, too.

Pouncer Jaguar had slipped swiftly and quietly out of the thick Jungle. Bolita is one of his favorite morsels of food, but is generally too clever for Pouncer. Bolita usually burrows so fast into the ground with his sharp claws that there isn't a trace of him to be found when Pouncer gets there.

"This time I have him," said Pouncer, purring in satisfaction. "He can't see me when he's all wrapped up like that."

"Be sure before you boast, Mr. Pouncer," replied Bolita. But he was somewhat frightened all the same. He was just talking to himself bravely to keep up his courage.

It didn't take long, though, to prove that the hard little ball was a nut which clever Mr. Jaguar couldn't crack. He rolled Bolita over and over with his paw, trying to get his sharp claws inside the shell, but never an opening could he find in that tight little case. Then Pouncer tried to crush him with his teeth, but Bolita was too large to go in between the Jaguar's fierce jaws, and his hide was too tough to be gnawed

like a bone. There wasn't a thing more to be done. Pouncer Jaguar was completely defeated — yes, defeated by a little round ball of an armadillo, who wouldn't harm a soul. Bolita was too much for Pouncer, and he had to admit it as he slunk away with a rumbly, grumbly growl. Then at last Bolita Armadillo unrolled.

“Whew, but that was a tussle,” said Bolita, shaking himself and stretching. “What a rough fellow that Pouncer Jaguar is! With monkeys, bears, and big cats, I’ve had a hard day. Well, anyway, I guess now Jacky Monk wouldn’t think armor was a bad kind of dress to wear. Where would I be if it weren’t for my good tough coat? Comfort is better than style, and I would rather be safe than in fashion.”

THE DEAR LITTLE DEER

(A True Story)

Fawny Deer gave a gasp of surprise when she found herself alone on the mountainside. Where in the world had all the other deer gone? She hadn't realized that she had wandered so far. Sure enough, things didn't look a bit familiar. The mountainside was very bare and stony, and nothing at all she liked to eat was there.

Fawny was very young, and she began to be truly frightened. It was growing dark. Big, bright Mr. Sun had sent his last, warm, friendly ray over the hills, and now the little gray shadows were creeping into the valley below. Yes, the valley below was getting very dismal and scary to look down into.

"Guess I'll keep looking up at the sky," thought Fawny. "That little star up there appears cheerful. But goodness me, there's a star down in the valley too, big and bright, only it doesn't twinkle. That seems friendly and near. I believe I'll go down and take a look at it." Fawny was hungry and lonesome, and it didn't take her long to get down the mountainside. With her springy little legs, she could leap and bound over the rocks at great speed. When she reached the valley she came to what looked like a

small hill made of wood, and the star was an opening in it, with a bright light shining through.

Fawny had never seen a house before, or a human being either. So when Frankie Jones came out of the house just then, Fawny had the biggest surprise of her life. She was just too astonished to move! Then this two-legged animal made a very funny sound and ran into the hill again. While Fawny was wondering what she had better do, out came Frankie with a pan of milk, which he set down on the ground. Fawny could smell it, and it smelled wonderfully good, but could she rely on this strange new kind of animal not to hurt her? She decided that it was safer not to stir. But when Frankie went into the house again Fawny ran to the milk as fast as she could and drank it up in the twinkling of an eye, for she was very hungry. Then she lay down by the side of the house and went to sleep.

Early the next morning Frankie came out and put a pan of milk just inside of the house. Fawny wanted it so very much that she ventured in. After that she never was afraid again, for she knew that this odd two-legged creature who spoke to her with a kind voice was really her friend.

One day when Fawny Deer had grown much bigger and all the pretty light spots, which only baby deer have, had faded from her smooth brown coat, the Jones family went for a day's excursion — yes, every member of it. There were Farmer Jones, Mother

Jones, Frankie, and Frankie's jolly little cousin, Matey, who had come all the way from India for a visit. You see, there was going to be a fair a few miles away, with merry-go-rounds, balloons, popcorn, and perhaps monkeys and organs, so, of course, nobody wanted to stay at home.

Fawny Deer was the only problem. Farmer Jones thought and thought about what to do with her, and finally they locked her up in the back woodshed where nothing could harm her, and left a big pan of milk handy. This was all very well for a while. But Fawny didn't know that the family she loved was coming back in a short time, and after the last thud of the automobile engine had died on the soft morning air, things began to look very gloomy, and they grew darker and darker, gloomier and gloomier, as the day wore on. Even big drinks of sweet milk couldn't make Fawny feel light-hearted. She looked out of the window, up the mountainside. This very mountainside, which had appeared so bare and stony to her once, now seemed to be the loveliest place in the world, for it meant freedom. Freedom is what everyone wants — freedom to think good thoughts and do good deeds.

Well, Fawny looked out at the sunshine so long and thought about it so hard that she forgot there was anything between her and the fresh air. All at once she jumped right through the window and came crashing down to the ground, midst flying glass and

bits of window sash. The noise was so loud that she was frightened and ran very fast, never stopping until she was half way up the mountain. There were a few cuts on Fawny's pretty little sides, but she didn't care. She was out in her own native haunts, and was happy.

When Frankie and Matey came home and found that Fawny Deer had escaped, nothing could console them. They ran up the stony mountain, out on the green pasture, down by the chattering brook, and into the whispering woods, calling, calling, calling, but Fawny was nowhere to be found.

Well, of course, after many lonely days, they settled down to playing without Fawny, for they still had Laddie, the bushy collie, and Pony Dick. Farmer Jones told Frankie and Matey that they ought to be glad Fawny had gone to join her family and live in the big, free out-of-doors, where all wild animals belong. That made them feel happier about it.

Now this isn't the end of the story, oh no indeed! One lovely morning a year later, when the boys went out to play they gave one great, joyful whoop, and Laddie joined in with his loudest bark, until Mother Jones came running to the door and Farmer Jones looked around the corner of the barn. What do you suppose they saw?

There was Fawny Deer coming toward them out of the soft grass of the green pasture, and beside her the tiniest little deer you ever saw, with pretty light

spots on its brown coat — just the way Fawny looked when she first came to the farm. On she walked, looking very proud. She put her soft nose into Frankie's hand and rubbed against him, as much as to say, "I've brought my beautiful baby to show to you, because I love you all very much and trust you."

So when Fawny and the baby deer went away again that day, up the stony mountain and into the Deep Woods, no one felt sad at all, but glad and happy, for they knew Fawny had never forgotten them.

CARRIE CARABAO

It was a very warm day, and Carrie Carabao was so deep in a muddy pool that only her blue, china eyes and the tip of her nose showed above the water. The fact was, Carrie had been having a tantrum. She had charged away from her master when he was plowing his rice land and had run all around in a blind fury, ready to attack anything in her path. That was how her master knew she wanted a bath.

Carrie is most particular about her bath and makes a great fuss if she can't get into the water at least once a day. I guess that's the way we all feel, only we have better manners and don't show it.

Now when Carrie was "squdging" around in the muddy water and enjoying herself very much, along came Timmy Crane.

"Hello, Carrie; having a good time?" asked Timmy, sitting down upon the only spot on Carrie's back which showed above the water.

"Perfectly lovely," replied Carrie, "but I must confess that I was horrid today. I acted just like a spoiled baby. Something dreadful ought to happen to me."

"Something dreadful will happen to you, if you

keep on going around half-blind the way you do," said Tim.

You see, the water buffalo, which is another name for the big, gray carabao, has very poor eyes and can see only dimly, so she has to rely on the sense of smell to know when a hostile man or animal is too near for safety. But the water buffalo is fortunate in having a certain kind of bird as a companion, for when the bird flies away, the water buffalo knows that he must look out for danger.

The great, clumsy carabao is very useful to the people who live on the other side of the world. In China, Japan, India, and our own Philippine Islands he draws carts, grinds sugar cane, and plows rice fields. He is very gentle with those whom he knows, and a little native boy who can't even reach up to the water buffalo's nose can drive him anywhere. In India sometimes, when a great herd of carabaos is taken out to graze, a small boy is the only one left to look after them. But they grow fierce and dangerous when white people come near.

"Now please do get some glasses, Carrie," said Timmy Crane.

"But I'm afraid they won't be becoming to me," replied Carrie, "and then you will not like me as well."

"Nonsense," cried Tim. "If I weren't your best friend and didn't think so much of you, I'd call you a big, silly baby; so there!" and off he flew.

This was something to think about! Carrie was so

upset that she didn't enjoy her bath any more and climbed up on dry land to collect her thoughts.

Just then Stripey Tiger strolled out of the Jungle into the tall grasses. He wouldn't have dared to come near the rice paddies if he hadn't been so hungry.

"There's Carrie Carabao," thought he. "She'll make a splendid meal. My, how good she will taste!"

He stood very still and watched the tall grasses to see which way the wind was blowing. Sure enough; it was just right for him, and just wrong for Carrie. The wind was blowing away from Carrie, so she couldn't scent him.

"Everybody knows she can't see much, and if she can't smell, I'm safe," thought Stripey, as he slunk slowly along until he was near enough to spring.

But Stripey didn't count on Carrie's having a good friend to help her. Yes indeed, a very good friend she had! We all know that there's nothing better in the world.

You see, Timmy Crane was flying as fast as he could, back to Carrie, for he was growing more sorry every minute that he had been so cross to her and had called her a big baby. Even if she was a little foolish, she had always been very kind and good to him.

When Timmy reached Carrie, he quickly rested upon the spot on her back which showed above the water, and was just going to tell her how sorry he

was, when he saw Stripey Tiger crouched down, long and flat. Timmy knew what that meant.

“Oh, Carrie, Carrie; quick, quick! Run! Run through the pond, quick!”

Carrie didn't wait a second, for she knew Tim's familiar voice and remembered that Timmy Crane never told her to do anything which wasn't right. Into the muddy pool she plunged and swam for the other side as hard as she could. Then up the slippery bank she climbed, and along the wet path through the rice fields, on and on, ran Carrie Carabao until she was so much out of breath that she had to stop.

“Well,” said Timmy, who had been flying along above Carrie all the time, “it's lucky I got there just that minute!”

“Wha-wha-what was the matter?” panted poor, fat Carrie. “I never had such a run in my life.”

“Why, Stripey Tiger was crouching in the Jungle grass, ready to spring upon you, poor dear. Of course, you didn't know it, as you couldn't see him, and the wind was blowing the wrong way for you to scent him, for, I must say, you have as good a nose as any of us. Stripey was afraid to get too near the rice paddies where your master might see him, so Stripey preferred to look for his dinner somewhere else, I suppose. That's the way it all happened. I was just coming back to tell you how sorry I was that I had said all those cross things to you today. You've al-

ways been good to me, and we have had jolly times together."

"Why, Timmy, don't feel badly about that," said Carrie. "I know you didn't mean to be cross, and if it hadn't been for you, I would have been eaten up by this time. I think I ought to have glasses!"

MOTHER NATURE NEVER FORGETS

"It seems to me there is always something after me," sighed Springy Gazelle, with a sad look in her large, tender eyes. "I am so small and helpless too, it isn't fair."

"That's right, Springy," joined in Swift, the antelope. "I'm not small like you, but I feel just the way you do about it. I don't see why everybody should be chasing me all the time."

"Why, aren't you ashamed, you two?" cried Billie Mongoose, whisking his tail. "There aren't two faster runners in all Africa! You can outstrip Mr. Lion himself, and even if Swift, the antelope, couldn't run fast, he is more than a match for his Majesty with those long, strong horns of his. Goodness, but you are ungrateful, when Mother Nature has done so much for you. She hasn't forgotten any of us, it seems to me. We all have our special kind of protection."

"Billie is right," trumpeted Husky Tusky in a shrill, clear voice. Mother Nature has been very good to me, I know. Look at these good, strong tusks of mine! Why, even Stripey Tiger fears them. Then I can help the rest of the herd, too, and that is the best of all. If I scent danger, I can warn my friends by

blowing shrilly through my trunk, or giving a few sharp taps on the ground with it."

"No indeed, we haven't any of us much to complain of," rumbled Stripey Tiger. "If Husky Tusky uses his tusks against me, why, I simply hide from him. My beautiful coat of yellow and black looks so much like the blades of golden Jungle grass and the dark shadows between, that the sharpest eye can't see me."

"You are no better off than I am," said Snowy Leopard proudly. "My thick white coat melts right into the whiteness of the snow, up in the mountains where I live."

"There is Raffy Giraffe too," cried Billie Mongoose. He hasn't any voice and can't speak for himself. Look at him now in the shade of that tall tree. His yellow coat and brown spots are lost in the dappled sunshine and shadow, and with his head way up among the branches he looks exactly like another tree trunk."

Raffy glanced gratefully with his large, timid eyes at Billie, and would have liked to add: "I am very speedy too, and beware of a blow from my powerful hind leg if I am cornered."

Mrs. Ostrich knew just what Raffy wanted to say, so she piped up, "Well, he's not the only one who can kick, and I am swifter than the fastest horse myself. One of my strides covers fourteen feet."

"But you run in circles, and that makes it easy for men to catch you," hissed Twisty Python.

"Yes, that is true, Twisty," said Mrs. Ostrich in a meek voice. "It's a very bad habit, and I ought to break myself of it. But don't tell anybody about it, please."

"We all have a few bad habits, I guess," grunted Ranny Rhino. "I have a way of charging at things rather blindly and missing them many times too. That is probably because my eyes are bad. But Mother Nature made up for that. My scent is keen, and my hearing is wonderful. Isn't that so, Bulky Hippo?"

"Yes, I'll have to admit it, Ranny, since you helped me find my way home that time," replied Bulky, yawning. "But in some ways I am better off than you. I can close my nose and my ears and go right to the bottom of the river when there is any danger near. I should like to know who else can do that?"

"Well, I can," said Baby Crocodile. "I can go to sleep under the water, and when I doze on the muddy bank you can hardly tell me from an old tree trunk. But come on, Bulky; let's take a stroll in the Yellow River."

"Perhaps he can make himself look like an old tree trunk," hissed Twisty Python, "but I can do something just as surprising. When I am coiled around the limb of a tree, I am exactly like one of the big thick Jungle Vines."

"Pooh," squeaked Old Mother Bat, "there isn't one

of you who has the fine protection that I have! Even when I am flying on the darkest night — and you know that is the time when I like best to fly, I never run into anything. In my wings, made of skin, are nerves so sensitive that I can feel objects without touching them. If a branch or a wire were ten inches away, I could feel it.”

“My, my, my! but that is splendid,” said Quiller Porcupine, with a rustle. “I can’t feel things as well as that, but, I assure you, they can feel me if they get too near. When I am attacked, I just hide my head under a stone or a root, flatten out my body, raise these sharp quills of mine, and lash my tail about fiercely. I look so terrible that men and animals are generally frightened away. But if an animal is bold enough to come near and get some of my quills stuck in him, he usually dies, unless they are taken out. These sharp barbs of mine keep working into his flesh, instead of coming out.” With that, Quiller gave another rustle of his cruel little spears.

“That sounds very fierce, Brother Porcupine,” said Busy Beaver gently. “My methods are different. When I hear dangerous sounds, I just go plop! down deep into the water, but first I warn my comrades by giving the water a loud slap with my tail.”

“That is very kind of you, Busy,” whistled Ibey Ibex. “We do that sort of thing, too, up in the Himalaya Mountains where I live. We post a sentinel high up on a crag, to call to the others at the

approach of danger. But we are such climbers that even man, with his deadly gun, finds it hard to reach us. He doesn't dare to go leaping from crag to crag as the ibex does. We are a sure-footed, steady-headed tribe. No height is too steep, and no cliff too dangerous for us."

"Well, I think I am cleverer than all the rest of you," called Yelper, the jackal. "Just as soon as I am caught I pretend to be dead. I have lain perfectly still for an hour with a dog teasing and worrying me all the time. But let my captors take their attention from me for a second, and I am up and away. That is the only reason why I am here at this meeting today."

"That doesn't seem to me a very brave way to act," barked Wild Dog Dhole of India. "When my family is all running together in one big pack, we are not afraid of anything, even of Stripey Tiger and Grunty, the wild pig. In all the Jungle there are no animals more feared than we. Of course, our great protection is that we never go alone."

"Your courage may be all right, Brother Dhole," growled Old Gray Wolf, "but, as for me, give me caution."

"That sounds to me a little like fear," screamed Polly Parrot impudently.

"Well, whatever it is," growled Gray Wolf, "it keeps me from running into danger. When I am frightened myself, I can turn the tables and frighten

others. My howl is so terrible that the hunter thinks a whole pack of wolves is after him."

"Please, may I speak?" said a faint, little voice. "I know most of you can find at least one place where you are hidden from view, but I can be invisible anywhere. I think that is something to be really glad about," said Cammy Chameleon in her slow drawl. "I can turn green when I am on a leaf, and brown when I am on the ground. At night I may be gray, and the next morning have pink and brown spots. In fact, I take the color of the object I am resting on, whatever it is. It's lucky for me that I have this power too, for I am lazy—yes, dreadfully lazy. Sometimes when I lift my foot, I just can't make up my mind to put it down again for a whole minute. At that rate, you know a couple of yards is a good day's journey, and I never could get away from anything."

"Oh, dearie me," gloomily sighed Carrie Carabao, the big water buffalo. "You are all so well off. Mother Nature just forgot me, I guess. I can't see much, and I can't hear very well, and if the wind is blowing away from me, I can't scent anything."

"Why, Carrie Carabao," piped up Timmy Crane reproachfully. "You hurt my feelings when you talk that way!"

Then poor Carrie felt so sorry that she began to cry.

"How could I forget such a good friend as you, Timmy?" she wailed. "Why, I believe I am luckier

than all the others put together, for you not only sit on my back and warn me of danger by flying away when it is near, but I do not get lonesome when you are there. Oh, please do forgive me, Timmy! I will never feel sorry for myself again."

"There, you see!" called Billie Mongoose, as he frisked off through the Jungle. "We are all much more fortunate than we think."

BILLIE MONGOOSE KILLS A SNAKE

Husky Tusky, the elephant, had just come out of the Jungle into an open place and was sunning his big gray sides and flapping his large gray ears, when along came Billie Mongoose, scampering hurriedly, with his bristly tail straight out behind him and his bright little eyes looking this way and that.

"Oh, hello, Husky," said he. "I'm in a great rush to get back to the folks. I just happened to think that it's nearly six o'clock, and there's going to be cake with icing for supper."

Away Billie went, over the very green places and the very dry places, through the little brown river, which seems to be there on purpose to make a fellow late when he's hungry, and on and on, a long, long way, to the edge of the town, where good Mr. Burnet lived.

Billie loved Mr. Burnet, Mother Burnet, little Matey, and his sister Mollie. You see, once upon a time Mr. Burnet had been kind to Billie, when he found him with his little soft paw caught in a cruel steel trap. He set Billie free and put something on his paw to make it well. So Billie was grateful and stayed around the house, killing rats and mice and playing with Matey.

As Billie dashed along towards home, he was thinking about Matey with the blue eyes and sturdy legs. When Billie finally reached the house, he peeped in at the door and sniffed the good things for supper. There they sat — father and mother, big sister, and little Matey, all at the table as happy as they could be. Billie waited a minute at the door. He looked at the big cake in the center of the table, then down at the floor and saw — oh, what do you suppose? — his deadly enemy, the cobra, with his hood spread out. There he was, standing on his twisted tail, in a way snakes have, ready to spring at the bare foot of Matey, which hung down far enough for the cobra to reach it with his wicked fangs.

Billie was at his wits' end, because he was tired after his run. Besides, he was a very little mongoose, and the snake was unusually large. But in a second every hair on Billie's gray body rose stiffly with horror and anger as he gathered up his courage. He knew it would be a long, hard fight. Then he sprang at the cobra as quickly as one of those sharp darts of lightning which come on a showery night.

Out of the door went the snake, with Billie after him as fast as he could go. Then the snake turned on Billie and lashed and slashed from right to left as quick as a flash, trying to reach Billie with his poisoned fangs. He kept Billie Mongoose dodging so fast that Matey, who was watching from the door, could see nothing but a furry, blurry ball.

"I must do it; I must do it now," said Billie to himself. "This is for Matey," and he jumped on his enemy's back and bit and bit behind his head until the corba fell back limp and lifeless.

But this isn't the end of the story, oh no indeed! Matey picked up poor tired little Billie Mongoose, who hadn't any strength left, and took him into the house, where everybody petted him. Then Matey fed Billie the largest piece of cake with thick icing you ever saw. Everyone was too happy to speak. But Billie was happiest of all, for he had done something for Mr. Burnet by saving Matey's life.

You remember how kind Mr. Burnet had been to Billie. To return this kindness, gave Billie Mongoose that good, warm feeling around his heart, which after all is better than all the cake with icing in the world.

MR. OWL'S NIGHT SCHOOL

(First Session)

"I think it's about time we were learning something," said Billie Mongoose, whisking his tail and winking his bright little eye, "instead of just playing around all day — excuse me, all night. I forgot that some of us sleep daytimes." Billie looked meaningfully at Stripey Tiger. "My friend Matey goes to school and learns many things. Now if there were only someone in the Jungle wise enough to teach us, we could have a school too."

"I know somebody who will do this," said the Secretary Bird, shaking the quills back of his ear importantly. "It's Mr. Owl. He's very learned and often wants me to write things down for him with my nice quill pens. Let's go and ask him!"

So off went Billie Mongoose and the Secretary Bird to visit Mr. Owl, who was just beginning to blink in the growing darkness. "Well, well," said he, "let me see, I'll think about it. Yes, I'll accept the honor, but you must have the school at night when I can see, for you are a naughty lot and need an eye kept on you."

"Come, then, right away, please, Mr. Owl, as it is getting dark and all the animals are waiting in the

clear place of the Jungle where the elephants dance," cried Billie.

"I'll be your assistant," said the Secretary Bird, shaking his quills, "for, goodness knows, you'll want one with all the wonderful things you are going to teach. I'll take the class in writing, especially."

When Billie and the Secretary Bird came back with Mr. Owl, everyone tried to give a rousing Jungle-folk cheer, but it wasn't a great success. Mr. Owl's big round eyes appeared to be very severe, just like grandpa's when he looks over his spectacles. The animals knew that no tricks would be played behind Mr. Owl's back, for couldn't he twist his neck all the way around and literally have eyes in the back of his head?

"Order!" commanded Mr. Owl, tapping the branch on which he sat. "Who-who-who recites first?"

There was dead silence. Even Stripey Tiger looked as if he would like to be at home in his cozy cave.

"Well, if you have all lost your voices," said Mr. Owl, "I'll teach you first the Law of the Jungle, and woe to anyone who breaks it. Listen and remember!"

"It is Not Honorable to Attack Man Except in Self-Defense!"

This made Stripey Tiger even more uncomfortable, but everyone else seemed earnest and impressed.

"Now, Husky Tusky, you are the biggest boy in the class. Speak up and tell us something about your trunk. Do you pack clothes in it?"

"No, sir," rumbled Husky, raising this self-same trunk high in the air as he spoke. "I can wash my thick gray coat with it, though, and I can do work for men with it, besides. I can carry trees and logs, load boats, and push heavy wagons, and with one blow of my trunk I could break a man's limbs."

"But you wouldn't do that, would you, Husky?" asked Mr. Owl.

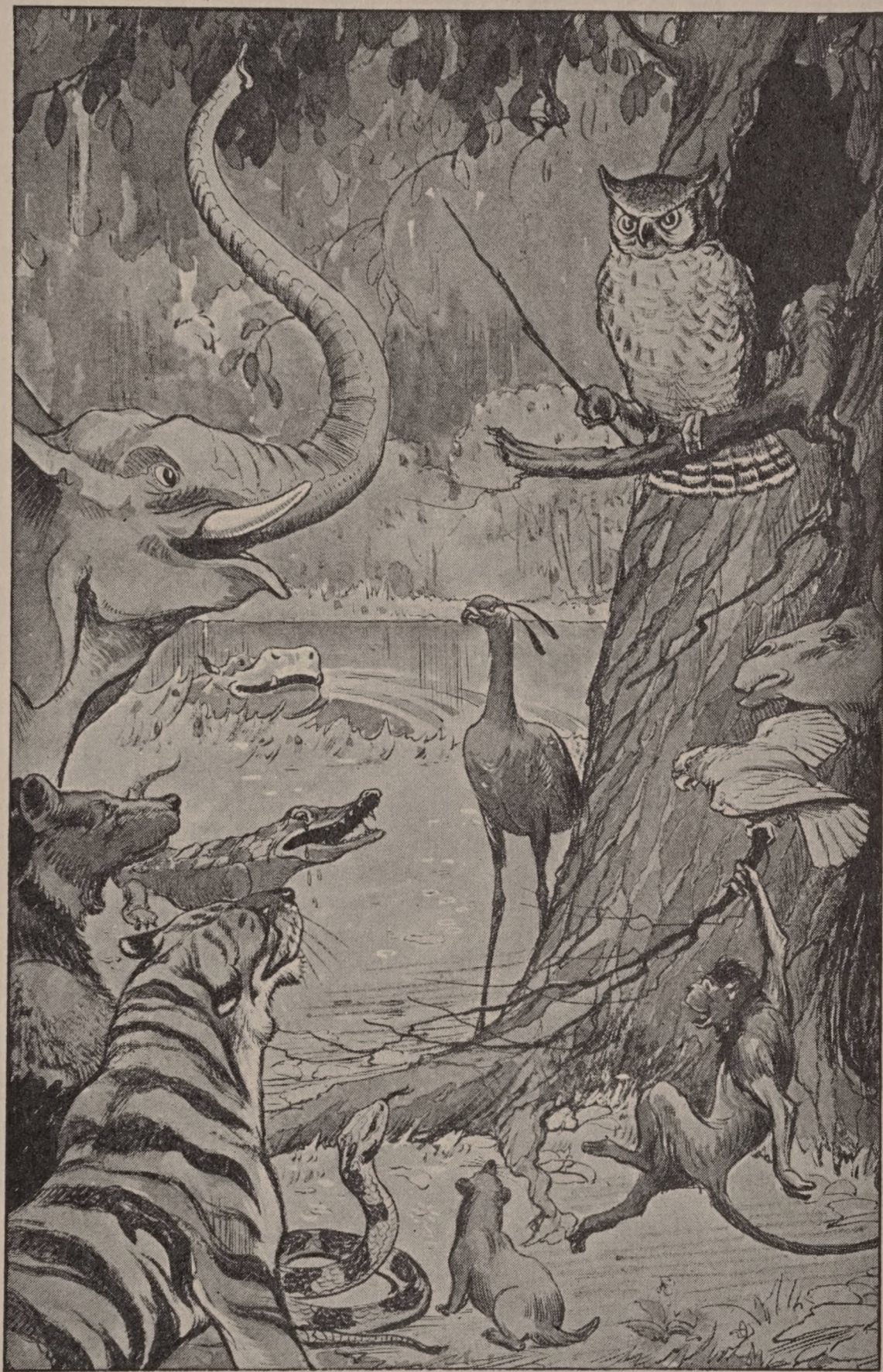
"Oh, no sir, hardly ever," replied Husky Tusky, flapping his big gray ears and looking out of his twinkling little eye, "except when I have been treated unkindly and am very angry, for I like men and, most of all, babies. Why, I dearly love to rock a cradle, and sometimes —"

"Very good, Husky," said Mr. Owl, "you've recited your lesson well. Now I think Polly Parrot has something to tell us, by the way she shakes her head and snaps her beak."

"Haven't I, though?" cried Polly at the top of her lungs. "I have lived to be a hundred years old and have never forgotten what I have learned. I'd like to know who of you could remember anything so long. Besides —"

"What in the world are you crying about, Baby Crocodile?" broke in Mr. Owl. "To-whit, to-who! Who could keep school with such a disturbing lot?"

"Boo-hoo-hoo," wept Baby Crocodile, "Jacky Monk is making faces at me, and I want to stick my



"ORDER!" COMMANDED MR. OWL

tongue out at him, but I can't, because it's fastened down to the floor of my mouth. Boo-hoo-hoo!"

"That's just the reason why it is fastened there, silly child, so that bad little crocodiles cannot be impolite," said Teacher Owl. "Now smile and be good, and I'll tell you something very nice to know. If you ever want to lie a while on the bottom of the river, swallow a few stones and down you drop. As you go, simply pull down the little skin blind which is above your eyes, and you will be ready for a quiet nap."

Baby Crocodile was now smiling so broadly that both sets of his fierce teeth showed and gave Lizzie Lizard, who was sitting next to him, such shivers that she couldn't recite.

"Next," called Mr. Owl, before Lizzie could recover. "what do you know about claws, Stripey Tiger?"

"I know that they are very useful when I want to kill, and that they have to be exercised. In order to do that, I draw them back into their sheaths and thrust them out again. This keeps them clean and sharp too. But when I want to play with my soft little roly-poly babies, my claws are neatly tucked away so they can do no harm."

It was evident that Stripey was on his best behavior, and everyone sighed with relief.

Twisty Python came next. You see, nobody liked to sit beside Twisty, so they put him between Stripey

Tiger, who wasn't afraid of anything, and Billie Mon-goose, who especially had no fear of snakes.

"Rouse up, Twisty, and tell us something we should all like to know," said Mr. Owl.

"I'm a constrictor," hissed Twisty, "and my tail is prehensile!"

"Oh," gasped Lizzie, Jacky, and Polly in awe and alarm, for what Twisty Python did or said was always more or less startling.

"Explain those big words," demanded Mr. Owl, staring at Twisty with his great round eyes.

"I'm a constrictor because I coil around my prey and crush it, and my tail is prehensile because I can use it like a hand to hold on to the branches of trees," replied Twisty Python proudly.

"Oh, look at Bulky Hippo!" giggled Polly Parrot. "He looks like a wet brown barrel!"

Swish, swash, thud, bump, came Bulky out of the Yellow River.

"Late as usual," said Mr. Owl. "What excuse have you?"

"Why, please, Mr. Owl," panted Bulky meekly, "I was having a nice walk on the bottom of the river."

"How in the world can you do that, Bulky Hippopotamus? I wonder if you are fibbing," said Mr. Owl severely.

"No, indeed, I am not fibbing, sir," answered Bulky. "I just close my nostrils and ears, and then the thick

oil which comes out all over me like a raincoat keeps the water out. But that isn't all I can do. I can upset a river boat if I hump up out of the water suddenly."

"That will do," said Mr. Owl. "It's your turn to recite, Grouchy Camel."

"I don't want to," snarled Grouchy.

"Come, come; that's not the way good little boys talk," replied Mr. Owl.

"I don't want to be a good little boy," said Grouchy. "I won't be good; so there!"

"Go over to that tree immediately and turn your face to the trunk until I tell you to come away," hooted Mr. Owl in his most terrible voice. "Now we will go on with the lesson. Will you please recite, Mrs. Bear?"

"Yes, indeed," said round little Mrs. Bear. "I'd like to tell you all how I carry my babies on my back, and what fun we have. To be sure, they keep tumbling off, and I have to stop continually to let them scramble up again. Maybe I am so awkward because my forefeet toe in."

"Thank you, Mrs. Bear, you recited very well," said Mr. Owl in a drowsy voice. "Now, Billie Mongoose — but, dear me, there's Big, Bright Mr. Sun creeping up, and I am beginning to get sleepy. School is dismissed for today. You may go, Grouchy Camel."

"Please, sir; I'm sorry I was cross, and I'll try to be good," said Grouchy.

“Well, well, we shall see. Good morning, all!” and Mr. Owl was lost in his sound daytime sleep.

Two minutes later, when Mr. Sun looked over the tops of the trees, there wasn't a trace of the Jungle folk to be seen.

MR. OWL'S NIGHT SCHOOL

(Second Session)

"Where in the world are those children?" cried Mr. Owl, as he fluffed up his feathers and blinked his eyes drowsily. "They ought to be coming back to school by this time."

Big, Bright Mr. Sun was just disappearing below the green tree tops, and the little purple shadows had already begun to creep up and hide behind leafy boughs and mighty tree trunks. Night was coming on, which seems an odd time to have school. But animals are not like boys and girls, all fresh and bright in the morning. Most animals are liveliest when darkness falls.

"Suppose I call the scholars," said Mr. Copper-smith Bird to the Secretary Bird, who had just joined him. "I should like to do something to help Mr. Owl if I can."

"Oh, please, do call them, Mr. Coppersmith Bird. That's the very thing to do!" said the Secretary Bird, joyfully. "You are the town crier of the Jungle, and a good one, too."

So the Coppersmith Bird made that funny noise which sounds exactly like a little hammer beating on a copper kettle. "Rat-a-tat-tat, rat-a-tat-tat," was

heard over and over again throughout the Jungle. Into the Twisty Vines, along the Winding Way, down by the Yellow River, and up into the Little Hills, it echoed.

Soon, very soon — you just wouldn't believe that they could get there so quickly — the animals began to gather. Clustering and crowding, surging and swaying around Teacher Owl they came.

There were many more than on the night before. Animals from India, Africa, Australia, and South America were present — animals with long tails, short tails, and no tails at all; some with tusks, some with teeth, and some with neither teeth nor tusks; some who could growl, some who could grunt, and some who couldn't make a sound. The most beautiful, the homeliest, and the oddest animals you ever saw in your life came trooping in. All were eager to learn. Every one of them had heard of Mr. Owl's wonderful school.

"But how did the news travel so fast, I'd like to know?" cried the Secretary Bird.

"Oh, Polly Parrot and Teddy Toucan are as good as a Jungle newspaper, and I helped a little myself," chattered Jacky Monk.

By this time Mr. Owl was wide awake. When he saw all those eager scholars, he was astonished. He couldn't believe his eyes. "Am I still asleep and dreaming?" asked he aloud. Then round and round and round he turned his large flat head, trying to see

all the animals as they came pouring in from every direction.

When the throng had gathered in a big circle about the breadfruit tree and everyone had stopped talking, Teacher Owl rapped the branch on which he sat, blinked his great solemn eyes, cleared his throat with a loud "Whoo-whoo," and said:

"It gives me the greatest pleasure to see so many here on our second night of school. Among you are some from foreign lands. These strangers are all welcome, and we shall try to make them feel at home."

Stripey Tiger and Spotty Leopard looked at Raffy Giraffe and Boomer Kangaroo as if they would just like to make Raffy and Boomer welcome—yes, indeed, as welcome as a good square meal. But all the others gave them kindly glances.

"We shall start today with Grouchy Camel's recitation," called Teacher Owl in a commanding voice. "He was a good boy yesterday to say he was sorry for being naughty. You may begin, Grouchy."

"Thank you, sir," said Grouchy, who was now good-natured. "But you see I really can't help being cross sometimes, when my master loads me too heavily on a long journey, or when I lie down in the desert at night and he forgets to see that my pack touches the ground. I am not relieved of its weight then, and so I can't rest. However, I have many things to be thankful for—my long eyelashes, for instance, which protect my eyes from the sandstorms, and my nos-

trils which I can close in order to keep out the sand during these storms."

"That's splendid, Grouchy, and very interesting," said Mr. Owl. "Now let us hear from one of our Australian friends. Boomer Kangaroo, you ought to be able to tell us something about tails."

"Indeed I can, Mr. Owl," cried Boomer, "and I could show you about them, too, if anyone should try to harm Mrs. Kangaroo or little Joey. My tail is so strong that I can strike down a good sized dog with it. But it has a plain, everyday use as well. See how easily I sit here with my tail for a support. It's like the third leg of a stool. Fine, isn't it?" Boomer added proudly, "and it makes up for my short fore legs, which I confess don't amount to much."

"Goodness, just listen to him," burst in Jacky Monk, jumping from limb to limb and chattering with excitement. "Anyone would think he had the only tail in the world. That's nothing compared with what I can do with mine."

"Tut-tut, hoot-hoot," cried Mr. Owl severely. "Don't you know it's very impolite to interrupt, Jacky Monk? I'm surprised at you! Now if you have anything to tell us and can speak quietly, you may do so."

"Well, I guess sitting on one's tail isn't as wonderful as using it to help spring from tree to tree," chattered Jacky. "My tail is prehensile just as much as Twisty Python's, and he talked a lot about his last night."

When a party of us monkeys get together in the South American Jungle, we join hands and tails, and swing across rivers and groves of trees to very great distances, never touching the ground. It's almost as good as flying, I say."

"Oh, I don't think it is," squeaked wise old Mother Bat, who had slipped in to see if there were anything more she could possibly learn.

"Why don't you think so, Mother Bat?" asked Mr. Owl with great respect, as the fame of Mother Bat's wisdom was widespread.

"Because, you see, from my point of view flying is a very fine art," replied Mother Bat more pleasantly. "I can fly so swiftly and quietly that I can catch insects in the air as I go along. Besides, I can drop from a tree where I am hanging head downwards, and instantly use my wings like a parachute."

These remarks, added to the things he had heard about the wonderful nerves in Mother Bat's wings, made Teacher Owl's eyes grow bigger and rounder than ever. Everyone else looked much impressed too.

"We are greatly honored to have you come to our school, Mother Bat," hooted Mr. Owl, beginning to puff up and fluff up with importance. "But what on earth is that terrible sound? I don't like being disturbed like this! Why, it's Laugher, the hyena. Stop it! Stop it right now, Laugher! Aren't you ashamed to be so noisy? Bless me, what's the matter with the child?"

“Ha-ha-ha!” roared the laughing hyena, as he jumped up and down on his hind legs with excitement. “I’ve come all the way from South Africa to tell you about myself, and now you won’t give me a chance to talk. I think it’s just too funny for anything.”

“There, there, Laugher; calm down and speak a little lower. Polite persons never disturb others, you know,” said Mr. Owl in a gentler tone. “Haven’t you any manners?”

“But, please, Mr. Owl, what’s the use of having such a fine voice if I must keep still all the time? Mr. Chimpanzee is the only other animal in the world who can laugh, and his is just a silly little chuckle. Why, I can keep every traveler in the Jungle awake with my terrible laughter. Now I call that something to be proud of!”

Then Laugher danced up and down, nodded his head, and ran back and forth as if he were mad.

“Well, perhaps it is something to be proud of,” said Teacher Owl doubtfully. “Of course, no two people think the same about things. But it seems to me that yours isn’t exactly laughter. Mr. Chimpanzee chuckles when he really feels jolly, but you laugh when you are only excited. Now where is Humpty, the Sacred Bullock? Did I see him here tonight?”

“Here I am, sir,” said Humpty gently, from somewhere in the back row.

Humpty has a very kind disposition and isn’t in

any way spoiled, even if the Hindus always let him have his own way. They allow him to help himself at fruit stalls and to lie undisturbed in the middle of the street while traffic turns out for him.

"If you please, Mr. Owl, I'm very useful, although I am worshipped and petted," said Humpty, the Sacred Bullock. "I pull carts, draw water from deep wells, work the mill which squeezes juice from the sugar cane, and turn the stones which grind mortar. All the while my master sings me a song of encouragement. Would you like to hear it?"

"You have recited very nicely, Humpty," said Teacher Owl, "but Big, Bright Mr. Sun will be catching us if we don't hurry. Is there any news from South America which you can give us, Pouncer Jaguar?"

Just in time Mr. Owl was, too, for Pouncer was creeping over nearer and nearer Jacky Monk, and Jacky was beginning to feel very uncomfortable.

Pouncer Jaguar was handsome in his tan coat, dotted all over with brown rosettes, but he growled a bit unpleasantly as he replied: "Yes, that clever new trick of mine will bear telling, I guess. You see I sometimes get tired of monkey meat for breakfast."

Pouncer gave a wicked glance at poor Jacky Monk and Reddy Howler, whose teeth began to chatter with fright.

"Then I go fishing," continued Pouncer, "not with a hook and line, either. I should say not. I simply lie

very flat along the branch of a tree which overhangs the Yellow River and let the tip of my tail splash gently in the water. Do you suppose those silly little fishes swim away when they hear the splash? Not a bit of it! They think it's fruit falling from the tree, and they rise to the surface to get a bite, when biff! my paw comes down and catches them."

"Well, speaking of paws," said Mr. Owl, who was glad to change a disagreeable subject, "do I see someone holding up his paw, or am I mistaken? It is growing just a little too light for my eyes. Oh, it's you, Sunny Bear. Well, what is it?"

"Please, Teacher, Quiller Porcupine is rolling around under my feet, and he makes me nervous," whined Sunny Bear.

"You roll up into a ball too, Sunny Bear, so you shouldn't say anything," said Quiller, unfolding his round bristly body and shaking his quills with a loud rustle like that of dried leaves.

"I know I do, but I don't stick sharp things into people, so now!" cried Sunny.

"Well, I'm not big enough to defend myself, like you," squealed Quiller, with a threatening shake of his little spears.

"Here, here, children! This won't do," screeched Mr. Owl, trying to make himself heard. "Stop quarreling now. You are both very naughty and must go right straight home. When you feel like being pleasant and polite, you may come back again."

"Now we will go on with the lesson," cried Mr. Owl. "Springy Gazelle, can you tell us where you got your name?"

"If you think you would like to hear about it, sir," bleated pretty little Springy, "I will explain that my real name is Springbok. That's what they call me down in Africa where I live. Springy is just for short, but I like it better. You would think me well named, too, if you could see me leap suddenly into the air. I can jump up eight or ten feet, and it's great fun. Shall I show you?"

"No, Springy, we haven't time today, but can't you tell us something more about your family?"

Springy Gazelle looked sad.

"In former days," she went on, "my family was very large. Sometimes you couldn't see anything else as far as your eye could reach. From edge to edge of the great plain, there would be nothing but gazelles. They would be so closely packed in together, marching along side by side, that not one of them could get out. Sometimes Mr. Lion would get caught in among them and would find himself so tightly wedged in on all sides that he couldn't escape, but had to go marching along too."

"Well done, Springy," cried Mr. Owl. "Now, Tony Bower Bird, what is the latest news from Australia?"

"Oh, please, sir, aren't we going to have any recess?" chirped Tony. "I know such a lovely game to play at recess. We bower birds play it in Australia. It's

most exciting. First we build a sort of bower of sticks and grasses in the form of an arch. Then we decorate it with colored stones, bright shells, and blue parakeet feathers, fastened among the sticks. It's very beautiful. When the work is finished, we play tag. Back and forth, in and out, and round and round that lovely bower we chase one another. It's the jolliest game in the world."

"That would be a splendid idea for recess, Tony," said Mr. Owl in a drowsy voice. "That's where you get your name, isn't it?"

"Let me see," continued Teacher Owl, "whose turn comes next? But, dear me, how dull my eyesight grows! School is dismissed. Pleasant dreams to all of you who sleep in the daytime."

Soon Mr. Owl was fast asleep. When, a little later, big, bright Mr. Sun came climbing up the sky, he looked down on a very quiet breadfruit tree. Old Mother Bat hung there by her heels, and Teacher Owl sat with his head tucked under his wing. The noisy scholars had gone.

HOW PONY DICK CAME TO THE RESCUE

“What can be the matter with Dick, the pony,” said Farmer Jones, looking up from his desk and out of the window, one morning. “He acts queer, running up and down and back and forth by the pasture wall, and neighing and neighing as if he were very much excited about something. There’s no use trying to read my paper. I’ll go out and see what the trouble is.”

So Farmer Jones put on his old straw hat and slipped a lump of sugar into his pocket as he passed the dining-room table, which was set for breakfast. Then he whistled to Laddie, the big bushy collie, to go along.

The sun was shining so warm and bright, and the grass in the green pasture was so deep and thick, and the dew on it so cool that any small pony ought to have been very happy there indeed. But when Farmer Jones and Laddie reached the pasture wall and Dick saw them, he didn’t stick his soft nose over into Farmer Jones’ hand as usual, nor did he seem a bit interested in sugar! He didn’t even pay attention to Laddie.

“Hello, hello,” Laddie greeted him, jumping up to Dick’s nose and barking ever so loud. “The top of the morning to you, good old friend!”

Dick didn't say a word to Laddie, but started off, cloppety-cloppety-clop, as fast as he could go, to the far corner of the green pasture. Every now and then he looked back at Farmer Jones as if to say: "Aren't you coming? Oh, please do hurry!"

Poor Laddie's feelings were very much hurt, because Dick had not noticed him, but he followed along as he wanted to find out what was the matter with Pony Dick.

Over the wall in a bound they went, across the first green knoll, down into the ravine where the cowslips grow, through the noisy little brook where Mr. Trout lives, up over the rocks so thick with blueberries in summer, scrambling and scurrying after Dick, who never before in his life had run so fast. You see, they had always thought that Dick was very lazy and stupid.

At last they reached the far corner of the Green Pasture, and what do you suppose Farmer Jones and Laddie saw? They simply couldn't believe their eyes! Why, there lay poor Ned, the old black horse that everybody loved, quite helpless and unable to get up. Dick was walking around and around him, looking as if he wanted to help. You see, when a horse falls down and tries three or four times to stand up, but fails, he grows discouraged and will not try any more. He will just lie on the ground and die if no one comes to assist him. That is called "being cast."

Farmer Jones called his son Frank, who was stand-

ing on the porch wondering why his father didn't come to breakfast. Together they got old Ned on his feet, and after a while he was able to walk to the barn. They rubbed him and made him very comfortable with lots of hay and grain. In a few days he was well again.

Farmer Jones gave Pony Dick more lumps of sugar than he had ever dreamed of having. Then Farmer Jones put his arm around Dick's neck and hugged him, which made Dick the most surprised pony you ever saw, for he didn't know what he had done to deserve so good a reward.

"We'll never, never again call Dick stupid, will we, Laddie boy?" said Farmer Jones with a tear in his eye.

THE JUNGLE LIFE-SAVER

"I believe I smell Stripey Tiger," sniffed Barker Deer with his nose in the air. "Yes, I'm sure I do, and I hear him too." Barker stopped stock-still and cocked his ears this way and that.

"Of course, that's Stripey, and there's no mistake about it. He is coming rather close — just a little bit too close for comfort. But it doesn't matter to me," said Barker to himself. "Some of the other Jungle folk are not as swift as I am, though, and can't smell and hear as well as I can. He might catch them. Guess I'll give them a warning. That will be fun and will make Stripey Tiger perfectly furious," thought he.

Barker Deer is a little fellow — only three feet long, with reddish brown hair and two sets of antlers. There is nothing very fierce about Barker, except his large upper teeth, but he can make a great deal of noise. He began to give short, ringing barks, like those of a dog. The sound reached Stripey Tiger's sharp ears through the thick, dark Jungle and made him think what a nice, tender supper Barker was going to be.

Along came Stripey through the Winding Way, creeping up, oh, so quietly, just as you have seen Tabby, the cat, do when she is stalking a bird.

Pounce! Stripey sprang into the tangled vines from which that clear, joyous bark had come, but, pounce, he sprang out again, for Barker Deer was not there. There wasn't a single sign of Barker in those vines. Stripey was disgusted and, besides, somewhat ashamed that such a tiny creature should get away from him. He snarled a sneery snarl and showed his terrible teeth.

Then, "Yap-yap-yap," sounded that same saucy bark from the clump of slender bamboos just ahead. "Here I am. Don't you wish you could catch me?" called Barker Deer.

"Ah, ha, I have you this time, you impudent young rascal," thought Stripey Tiger, and, bounce, he sprang into the clump of tall, slender bamboos, but, bounce, he sprang out again, for Barker was not there. There wasn't a single sign of Barker Deer in that clump.

"Where is that pesky fellow?" thought Stripey as he went creeping along the Winding Way again, growling hungrily as he moved.

But, "Yap-yap-yap," came that provoking bark again, farther away than before.

That wasn't all Barker said this time either, for he had spied Jacky Monk picking up cocoanuts on the ground and had called: "Get back to your tree tops, Jacky; Stripey Tiger is abroad. You too, Fawny Deer and Springy Gazelle, shake your little heels and scamper away; Stripey is coming in this direction." Jacky Monk didn't wait a minute, but leaped to the topmost branch of a tree. Neither did Fawny and

Springy delay, but jumped into the deepest thicket and hurried away, for they knew that Stripey was quick too — one of the quickest of all the Jungle folk, and that he relied on that quickness to catch Barker Deer.

Stripey felt sure he could overtake Barker. Why, it hadn't been a second since that last silly bark! "He is in that very bush now," thought Stripey, and, biff, he jumped into the bush with all his might, but, biff, he jumped out again, for Barker Deer wasn't there. There wasn't a single sign of him in that bush.

"But what on earth is that?" growled Stripey Tiger furiously. "That provoking deer is calling again. I'm getting confused and irritated, and I'm hungry too. Stop that nonsense, Barker Deer! You had better look out. I can find you if I want to," boasted Stripey as soon as he had gotten his breath again.

Then from afar, in another direction, came a long shrill trumpeting.

"Hoo-roo, hoo-roo," called Husky Tusky, the Elephant. "What is all this I hear?"

"It's Stripey Tiger; he is after me," replied Barker. "He thinks that I would make a nice mouthful, but he also thinks that Baby Elephant would make a whole meal; so take the opposite direction with your family, Husky, and don't worry about me. I can manage Mr. Stripey, oho, oho!"

So away went the saucy little deer, on and on from bush to bush, calling and warning as he went.

Proudy Peacock flew in great alarm to the tallest palm tree, for Proudy knew that Stripey would find him much to his taste. Grunty, the Wild Pig, although he looked very fierce with his great tusks and stiff, bristly hair, realized that he was no match for the Terror of the Jungle, and so Grunty ran away as fast as his heavy body and short legs would let him.

"I hope Bulky Hippo will hear," thought Barker. "I like Bulky. He is not very pretty, I must say, but, as with most everyone else, there is more good than bad in him. Hello there, Bulky! Danger's abroad, so get down to the bottom of the Yellow River as fast as you can!"

"Look out, Sunny Bear," barked the little deer as he went along on his brave errand of mercy. "Stripey is after me, and he is coming in this direction. Go the other way!"

So Sunny shuffled off through the trees, only too glad to take Barker's advice.

Then came Stripey again along the Winding Way, creeping up, oh, so quietly. He saw the bush these warnings were given from — yes, the very bush, and, swoop, he slid into it, but he slid right out again, for Barker Deer wasn't there. There wasn't a single sign of him in that bush. Once more Barker Deer had been too quick for Mr. Tiger, and Stripey gnashed his teeth with growing rage.

Such a scurrying and scrambling in every direction as there was in that Jungle you never saw, for by

this time everyone had heard Barker's warning. Quiller Porcupine shook his quills and scampered away. Billie Mongoose, who isn't a bit afraid of snakes, but draws the line at tigers, whisked his tail, gave Barker a wink with his bright little eye, and was gone. Even little Lizzie Lizard didn't feel safe and slid quickly and quietly up the nearest tree.

But brave little Barker Deer, still not afraid of the Terror of the Jungle, ran on and on in his errand of kindness until Stripey Tiger grumbled and roared more furiously than ever.

Then, all of a sudden, Barker himself bounded off into the deepest depths of the forest. No trace of Barker Deer, the life-saver of the Jungle, was to be seen. Not even the echo of a mischievous bark lingered on the stillness of the night. Only disappointed Stripey Tiger was left, angrily lashing his hungry sides with his tail.

WHAT FELL ON BILLIE MONGOOSE

Biff! Down fell something big and round and hard on Billie Mongoose's tail. Right out of the sky it came, as he stood under a palm tree thinking about a splendid plan for a Jungle party.

"Ouch!" said Billie, jumping sideways, "what in the world was that?"

Then he began to run as fast as he could, and that's very fast, you know, for Billie was frightened — yes, indeed, dreadfully frightened!

"Now, if that had been a long, curly snake," thought Billie, as he scurried away through the tall Jungle grass, "I shouldn't have been a bit afraid. But that big thing coming out of the sky — well, you would have been scared too, wouldn't you?" he asked, as he caught sight of Husky Tusky out for a morning walk.

"What are you talking about, Billie?" said Husky. "Stop and get your breath."

"Why," panted Billie, "something big and round and hard came down out of the sky and hit me on the tail."

"What was it?" inquired Husky Tusky.

"Oh, I don't know," said Billie Mongoose, "I was so frightened that I just ran as fast as I could, to put

as much Jungle grass and as many palm trees as possible between me and that dreadful thing."

"Well, what it was I don't know either," said Husky, "so let's go and ask Grouchy Camel. He has his head in the air always and ought to be able to tell us about things that come down from the sky."

So they went along the Winding Way to where Grouchy Camel was grazing.

"Hello," said he in a much pleasanter tone than usual, "what's the matter?"

"Oh, something big and round and hard came down out of the sky and fell on my tail," panted Billie, without even saying "Hello" to Grouchy. "Do you know what it was?"

"No, and I don't care either," snarled Grouchy, as all his good humor had left him because Billie hadn't said "Good morning." "But you might go and ask Polly Parrot. She talks a lot and may know something."

Then Billie Mongoose, Husky Tusky, and Grouchy Camel who didn't really want to be left out, went along the Winding Way until they came to Polly Parrot sitting up in a tree and talking to herself.

"Good morning," screamed Polly in a very loud voice. "What's all the party about?"

"Why, something big and round and hard fell out of the sky right on my tail," said Billie.

"Yes, right on his tail," said Husky and Grouchy

in the same breath, "and what do you suppose it was?"

"Dear, dear, dear," said Polly, "now let me see. I can't think of anything, except the moon, that's big and round and hard. At least I suppose the moon is hard; it looks so. But the moon would be shiny too. Did you say this thing was shiny?"

"I didn't stop long enough to see very well, but it didn't look shiny at all," replied Billie.

"Well, well. I think we had better go and ask Bulky Hippo. He has a large head that must be very full of ideas," said Polly.

So Billie Mongoose, Husky Tusky, Grouchy Camel, and Polly Parrot all went along the Winding Way to the Yellow River, where Bulky Hippo was having his morning bath.

"Goodness!" said Bulky, catching sight of Billie, Husky, Grouchy, and Polly standing on the bank. "Isn't this dreadfully early for a call? I haven't finished my bath yet!"

"Oh, excuse us, please," said all of them in chorus, "but this is a very serious matter."

"I'll be right out, then," said Bulky.

"Oh, something big and round and hard came out of the sky and fell on my tail," cried Billie Mongoose, scarcely waiting for Bulky Hippo to get ashore.

"What was it?" asked Bulky between gasps, for it's very hard climbing up a slippery, slidy bank when one is stout.

"Why, I don't know," said Billie. "I was so frightened I just ran."

"Well, well, well; let's think a minute. It couldn't have been a star, could it? Did you say it was yellow and twinkling?" asked Bulky.

"Oh, no, no," cried Billie, Husky, Grouchy, and Polly in chorus, "it wasn't like that at all."

"Well, well, well," said Bulky, trying to gain time, for he was a slow thinker. "Suppose we go and ask Lizzie Lizard. She's a bright little thing."

So Billie Mongoose, Husky Tusky, Grouchy Camel, Polly Parrot, and Bulky Hippo all went along by the Yellow River until they came to Lizzie Lizard, basking in the sun on a nice warm piece of mud.

"How are you all this morning?" asked Lizzie, smiling politely and looking very pretty in her bright green dress. "It's a lovely morning, isn't it?"

"Oh, yes, but something big and round and hard came out of the sky this morning and hit me on the tail," gasped Billie, who was still frightened.

"What a shame!" said Lizzie, gliding over to them. "I am very sorry. What do you think it was?"

"Oh, I didn't stop to see. I was so frightened that I ran just as fast as I could," replied Billie.

"Yes, indeed, as fast as he could," said Husky, Grouchy, Polly, and Bulky all at the same time.

Lizzie turned pale green with fright and sympathy, for she was very small and timid.

"Do you think it could have been a cloud? Was it big and soft and white?" asked Lizzie.

"No, indeed. It wasn't a bit soft, and it wasn't white. It was big, though, big and round and hard," answered Billie.

"My, my — sounds dreadful! Let's go and ask Stripey Tiger," said Lizzie. "He's so strong and brave that if it is anything very fierce, he can fight it."

So Billy, Husky, Grouchy, Polly, Bulky, and Lizzie ran along the Winding Way, through the curly Jungle vines and the tall Jungle grasses, until Billie Mon-goose's sharp little eye spied Stripey Tiger. The shadows of the grasses looked so much like the stripes on his coat that it was easy for him to hide.

"How's everybody today?" inquired Stripey Tiger cordially. He might not have been so friendly if he had met one of them alone, but he didn't dare to be disagreeable to so many of the Jungle folk. "What's up now?"

"Why, something big and round and hard fell out of the sky on my tail this morning," said Billie Mon-goose rather grandly, for by this time he was feeling somewhat important about his adventure.

"What was it?" asked Stripey Tiger, trying to look interested.

"Oh, I don't know," said Billie. "I was so frightened that I ran as fast as I could."

"I haven't any idea what it was," said Stripey, "but anyway, it was very silly for you to run."



SOON THEY WERE ALL EATING COCOANUTS

Stripey hadn't eaten his breakfast and couldn't keep his mind on anything except how hungry he was. So he said, "Let's go to old Mother Bat. She's the wisest person in all the Jungle, and if we can wake her up she will tell us what to do."

Then Billie Mongoose, Husky Tusky, Grouchy Camel, Polly Parrot, Bulky Hippo, Lizzie Lizard, and Stripey Tiger all went along to where old Mother Bat hung peacefully from the limb of a tree, sound asleep and wrapped up in her gray cloak. Mother Bat was having a nice nap and hated to be disturbed, for she stays awake every night.

But Billie Mongoose cried, "Oh, good Mother Bat, please wake up! We are almost distracted. Something big and round and hard fell from the sky this morning right on my tail, and can't you tell us what it was? You are wise and know almost everything."

At this, Mother Bat opened one eye, for she was very much pleased to be thought wise.

"I don't know what it was," she answered, "but why don't you go back to where it fell, you silly folks, and find out for yourselves? I can't bother with such stupid people, and besides I'm very, very sleepy."

With that she popped her head under her wing and was soon snoring.

Then the animals looked at each other and said in one breath: "That's a good idea!" So they started back along the Winding Way, past the Yellow River,

through the tall Jungle grass and the thick Jungle vines, until Billie said, "Here is where it all happened, under this tall palm tree!"

Just then they heard a chuckle and looked up. What do you suppose they saw? There in the branches of the tall palm tree, which looks like a huge feather duster, sat Jacky Monk.

"Tee-hee-hee," chuckled Jacky, "you are a funny lot! I threw a cocoanut down on Billie this morning, simply to see what he would do, but I never dreamed that it would make him bring the whole Jungle here!"

Well, that made all the animals look very foolish and ashamed, especially Billie Mongoose, who at once realized that if he had faced the thing he feared, instead of running away, he would have found that it was something very harmless and good.

Then kind little Lizzie Lizard wanted to make everyone feel happy, so she said brightly: "Now that we are all here together, let's have a party. I was intending to give one anyway, and this has saved the bother of invitations."

At that they all felt much relieved, and soon were dancing, eating cocoanuts, and having a happy time.

WITS WIN

Up in the northern part of Wyoming, spring was well under way. The trees in the Deep Woods were full of fresh young leaves, and the Chattering Brook flowed gaily, free from any hint of ice or snow. Last year's grass still clung to the ground, but, promising better things, here and there were a few new green blades.

Mrs. Elk, or Mother Doe as she is called, was out for a stroll with a large party of her friends. Each mother had her pretty little fawn beside her. They were all walking along, cropping the tender young leaves from the trees overhead and looking for a good place in which to spend the night. Big, Bright Mr. Sun was already dropping low in the sky, and the little purple shadows were just waiting to gather for their twilight frolic.

That great herd of mothers and children looked like a deer tea party. Not a father elk was to be seen. In the spring all the father elks go away. Up in the mountains they gather to wait for their new antlers to grow, for in March their splendid great branching horns drop off, and this makes them feel so helpless that they go away by themselves, and there they stay until August, when a new set of antlers is fully grown.

It doesn't seem very brave or kind to leave Mother Doe and Fawny Deer alone so long, does it? When he is fully armed, there is no animal braver than a father elk. He's really a great fighter, and many are the battles waged between two elks during the winter when they are in full fighting trim. But now it was spring, and the mothers with their baby deer were alone, enjoying themselves very much, too, as they browsed through the Deep Woods.

"Come, Fawny Deer," called Mother Doe to one little baby who had wandered away a bit. "Keep close to the herd."

But Mother Doe didn't really feel frightened. Her large, quick ears heard no hostile sounds, and her keen, sensitive nose smelled no danger near. She couldn't smell any danger, because the wind was blowing away from her, but danger was near, dreadfully near. Sly Foot, the Mountain Lion, was waiting for Mother Doe. He was stretched out on the limb of a tree, lying flat and clinging very close, ready to drop down on Mother Doe as she passed under the tree.

The mountain lion is the only lion that is found in North America. He is not so large, nor so handsome as his African brother, as he has no fine mane to boast of; nor is he so fierce. Sly Foot fears man, but he is a great enemy of all the wild folk of the mountain and the wood, especially the deer.

As he waited for Mother Doe he kept very still indeed, for Mother Doe's ears are sharp. Not a sound

came from Sly Foot, not even the lowest growl, nor a movement either, except the curling in and out of his sharp claws. In and out, in and out he drew them, in his excitement and eagerness, and his eyes were like flame.

Slowly along the lone trail came the herd of pretty does and fawns, with Mother Doe at the head. She was sniffing and snuffing, and listening and cocking her ears this way and that, as she stopped now and then to make sure that all was safe.

When she was right under Sly Foot's tree, he gathered himself together, as you have seen cats do before a spring, and down he dropped with a thud, right on Mother Doe's back.

The force of that terrible blow made poor Mother Doe stagger and fall to her knees, but she stayed there only an instant. She was so dreadfully frightened that she sprang into the air and bounded off through the woods. Sly Foot was clinging to her back and was hurting her soft skin with his sharp claws, but she thought of Fawny Deer who needed her, and that gave her strength.

The herd of terrified deer went fleeing before her in every direction, and all the other little wild folks of the Deep Woods were hurrying and scurrying away from Mother Doe and her rider. Across the lone trail dashed Mollie Cottontail, the little rabbit, and Leaper, the big gray hare. Jimmy Frisky, the squirrel, forgot his saucy scolding, and plop! went Busy Beaver down

into the Chattering Brook. Burrow Badger ran quickly into his hole in the ground, and Furry Fox slunk away as fast as his legs could carry him.

“Hoo-hoo, waugh-hoo,” called Horny, the great horned owl, from high in the trees.

He alone of all the wood folk was not afraid. Instead, he was watching with interest, for he hoped to share Sly Foot's supper with him.

Mother Doe was losing strength. Something must be done quickly. Sly Foot was pushing his claws deeper and deeper into Mother Doe's back as she tore along, and, of course, she could not help giving little bleats of pain. Yes, her legs were growing weaker, but her wits weren't. She was thinking very hard all through her suffering, when suddenly an idea full of hope came to her.

Over against a great tree trunk at the side of the trail, she plunged. Up against another and then another rough tree of the dear, friendly forest, she stumbled and staggered. She was trying to brush Sly Foot off, but he only rumbled and grumbled deep down in his throat, and clung the closer.

Hope seemed almost gone, but not quite, for hope never entirely vanishes. Then what do you suppose poor, weary Mother Doe saw? Right across the lone trail in front of her was a fallen tree. It was resting a few feet above the ground, held up by its great mass of branches, as you have often seen trees in the woods. Another idea came to Mother

Doe. Her need was great, and so her wits were sharp.

“This is the very last thing I can think of,” said she to herself. “It simply must work, if I can only gather strength enough to do it.”

Then with a sudden rush she ran toward the fallen tree, crouched low, gave a quick dash under the great trunk, and scraped Sly Foot, the mountain lion, off her back.

Sly Foot, who thought himself very clever, had been outwitted this time by gentle Mother Doe. There was simply nothing for him to do but to let go and drop to the ground when Mother Doe played that little trick. As he gave a shrill cry of anger, he saw Mother Doe bound away into the Deep Woods to join the herd. Hungry, grumbly Sly Foot was left alone, lashing his tail.

SUNNY BEAR GOES COASTING

Sunny Bear was enjoying himself; there was no doubt about that. His long, slender tongue, which he could coil and twist in the most curious fashion, was darting in and out of a wild bees' nest in the old hollow tree, and Sunny was smacking his lips with delight. There is nothing that a bear loves so much as honey, and Sunny Bear, with his long tongue, is better fitted to get it than any others of the bear family.

There was another reason why Sunny Bear was so happy. The day was hot and bright, for warm days do come even up in the high mountains of India, where this little bear lives. He loves to bask in the sunshine. That is the reason why he is called the sun bear.

So when Sunny had eaten all he could hold of the delicious honey, which means he had eaten every bit in the nest, he strolled out of the shade, and gazed around. He was looking for a cozy warm place in which to lie a while and doze.

"Over there is a splendid flat rock," said Sunny Bear to himself. "Big, Bright Mr. Sun has been smiling at it so long that it will be a jolly hot place for a nap. Um-m-m, this is nice," he said drowsily.

Very pretty he looked, lying there with the little

white crescent under his chin and his glossy black hair shining like jet in the sunshine.

But Sunny Bear's nap didn't last long. He awoke with a start at a terrible sound. Not very far away he heard the baying of a dog. Louder and louder it grew, and nearer and nearer it came, until all at once he saw the dog and a strange two-legged creature besides, bounding through the thicket toward him.

Now Sunny had never seen a man, but there was something which told him that this was no longer a safe place for bears. His gentle little heart pounded so hard that he couldn't think. He didn't want to hurt anyone himself, but maybe not everybody felt that way. It would probably be wise for him to go away. So off trundled Sunny Bear at his best walking speed. Even this wasn't fast enough, for the dog and the man began to gain on him.

"I'll climb a tree, that's what I'll do," grunted Sunny. "Climbing is as easy as walking for me, and that horrid dog can't follow me then, I know." So up the nearest tree he scrambled and gave a great sigh of relief as he seated himself in the crotch of its friendly branches.

"What business have they up in these mountains of mine, anyway? The Himalayas belong to us hill folk and nobody else," thought Sunny Bear, beginning to feel resentful, now that he was fairly safe. "But here they come again! I never saw anything like the way they keep after a fellow. I don't feel at all sure that



DOWN THE HILLSIDE ROLLED SUNNY BEAR

that odd two-legged creature can't climb trees either. Dear, dear; I guess there is nothing to do but to run."

Little black Sunny Bear slipped quietly down on the opposite side of the tree. Bears are clumsy and awkward when they walk, but swift at running. This time Sunny Bear broke into a gallop. Right on towards a very steep hillside he went. Down, down dropped the hill, almost as straight as a wall, steep and rocky enough to make a man stop and perhaps turn back. But do you think that ragged cliff stopped Sunny Bear? Not a bit of it. He knew that hill was there, and he was heading for it all the time.

When this funny little bear reached the top, he waited just one second to look over at the jagged rough rocks below, then he wrapped himself up into a big, furry ball and started to roll. Down, down the hillside he rolled, bumping into rocks and bouncing off from them, scraping into thorny bushes and out again. Faster and faster and faster rolled Sunny Bear bounding along towards the bottom, where the gentle green valley stretched beyond.

When Sunny was at the end of this mad toboggan slide down the steep, steep hill, he came to a full stop, unrolled himself, shook his glossy coat, took a cool, saucy look at the hunter, far up at the top of the rough, rough hill, and then trotted away over the gentle green valley, chuckling and grunting with glee.

JUNGLE BABIES

"We are going to a party today," called Mother Husky Tusky to Baby Elephant one afternoon. "Come and have your bath right away, my dear."

"Oh, goody, goody," said Baby Elephant, throwing up his little trunk and running to Mother Husky Tusky as fast as his chubby legs could carry him. "I just love parties, and I like baths too. I am ready for one this minute."

So Mother Husky Tusky drew water up into her trunk from the Deep Pool near by, and threw the cool stream all over Baby Elephant's tiny gray back. Then she bathed her own rough, tough back in the same way.

When, a little later, big, bright Mr. Sun had dropped almost to the place where the tall trees meet the sky, Mother Husky Tusky and Baby Elephant started off towards the Yellow River.

Mrs. Rosie Flamingo was giving a birthday party for her young family of pretty little pink birds. Flamingos always build their nests close to the water, because they like fish to eat better than anything else. Their long legs and necks make it very easy for them to stand in the river and catch the fish.

Now Mrs. Flamingo lived on the other side of the Yellow River, so when Mother Husky Tusky and

Baby Elephant reached the bank, Baby thought, of course, he could just climb up on Mother's back and ride across as usual. But Mother Husky Tusky said, "No, son, you must learn to swim sometime. Plunge right in with me and don't be afraid. Mother will guide you." So she did, very gently, with her long trunk. She made fond little sounds all the time to encourage the chubby, floundering baby until, before he knew it, they were on the other side, scrambling up the slippery bank.

There was Mrs. Flamingo waiting to greet them. She was very stately and handsome, sitting on her high nest, which looked like a mud chimney about two feet tall. Even then Mrs. Flamingo's long legs stretched out behind for some distance.

"How do you do, Mrs. Husky Tusky," said she, rising, "and how is Baby Elephant today? These are my children," she called with a proud ring in her voice. "They are not out of the nest yet, to be sure, but I thought it would be nice to celebrate their birthday just the same. Yes, they are a week old today! Almost all our neighbors are here, and I think your little boy will find plenty of playmates."

"Oh, I know he will," said Mother Husky Tusky. "Run and play with Baby Camel, dear. There he is over there with his mother."

"How do you do, Mrs. Grouchy?" trumpeted Mother Elephant pleasantly.

But Baby Camel wouldn't leave his mother a

minute. Nothing could induce him to move his heavy little body, perched on his high, telegraph-pole legs, from Mrs. Grouchy Camel's side. That baby just stayed right there and kissed his mother's soft nose all the time.

"It's of no use to try to make him play. I wonder if those cubs have any fun in them," said Baby Elephant, glancing over at the little lions.

There was Mrs. Lion with her soft, pudgy children — Tawny, Spotty, and Fuzzy. They looked like big puppies, all of a reddish gold color with faint black spots on their coats. These spots fade away when the cubs grow to be six months old. Mother Lion was trying to give Tawny a bath, but he didn't like it at all. No indeed, he didn't want to waste time that way, when brother and sister were having so much fun. Spotty and Fuzzy were fighting a make-believe battle, so that some day, when they grew up, they would know how to fight in earnest. Over and over they rolled, and wrestled, and tumbled, growling and mewling, but never hurting each other.

"Please, mamma; I don't want to be clean," wailed Tawny. But Mother Lion simply boxed his ear, turned him over, and went on washing his other side with her long, rough tongue.

Mrs. Bulky Hippo and the two little Bulkys were having a lark in the water. The Yellow River just suited them. No game on land could be as much fun as climbing up on mother's back and splashing off

again into the water. They were babies, not in size, for they weighed more than forty pounds, but in age. These two funny little things looked like fat pink pigs with a stripe of slate gray on their backs; and oh, such big mouths! It seemed as if they were splitting in two when the babies opened their mouths to bite each other in play. Some day the little Hippos would lose their pinkness and turn entirely gray but that terrible mouth would always be theirs, and very handy it would be, too, when they wanted to eat twelve bushels of sugar cane at one meal.

"Oh, mother, what's that awful noise," cried Baby Hippo, scrambling up on Mother Bulky's broad back.

"Goodness gracious; I don't know, dear," said she, turning one little eye toward the river bank. "It's probably one of Sally Sloth Bear's children. They do more crying than all the rest of the animal folks put together."

"Why, Boxer Bear," cried Mother Sloth Bear and Sister Betty, running up to Boxer's side, "whatever is the matter?"

"Boo-hoo-hoo," howled Boxer Bear bitterly. "Somebody hurt my ear."

"Oh, you poor little thing," cried Mother Bear and Sister Betty together. "What a perfect shame!" Then Mother Bear and Betty began to cry too, from sympathy.

"I know who did it," wailed Boxer. "It was Betty Bear. She bit my ear. Boo-hoo!"

"I didn't either, Boxer Bear. You are fibbing," cried Betty stoutly.

Then the two little bears began to fight, slap, and cuff each other until both were crying louder than ever, for that is the very silly way in which Sloth Bears really do act sometimes.

Mother Bear's patience was about gone. She was getting more ashamed every minute. Why, everyone at the party was looking at her babies and thinking what bad little things they were!

"You naughty children," she said in a low growl. "I am all out of patience with you."

Just then she gave each of them such a hard box on the ear that they rolled over and over in opposite directions. They were so surprised that they couldn't cry, for Mother Bear was always gentle and kind. What did this mean? When Betty and Boxer picked themselves up, they began to realize how naughty and ill-mannered they had been. Betty looked shyly at Boxer and grunted: "I'm sorry," and Boxer came over and gave Betty a good hug. Now Mother Bear was so pleased and happy again that she would have smiled if animals could smile.

Would you believe that there is only one animal that can smile? Yes, there is just one that can both smile and laugh! It's the chimpanzee. And Mother Chimpanzee was chucking now. Her voice was so low that it sounded like laughing in a whisper. But she was most amused. You would have been amused, too,

if you could have seen the jolly coasting party she was watching. Of course, it was warm weather—it always is in the Jungle; but the Baby Baboons were coasting just the same. They were sliding down hill on a place covered with slippery grass. Down they went, rolling over, chattering, and carrying on like boys and girls out at play. Such ugly little things they were too, with dog-shaped heads and ridges of bright color on their faces. But baby baboons are good-natured and full of fun, and that is all that really counts.

Mother Baboon watched the frolics of her funny little family with fond affection. Beside her stood Mrs. Chimpanzee, who carried in her arms the drollest little baby you ever saw, just the cutest, most sweet-tempered little mite in the whole Jungle. But he was so much like one of our very own babies that you would almost hate to look at him. His head was quite large with long hair on it and his face was smooth and light-colored.

“Isn’t he a darling?” chattered Mrs. Baboon to proud Mother Chimpanzee as she tickled the baby’s little roly-poly sides with her long finger. Then that funny little monkey baby did exactly the same thing every other baby does when he is tickled. He kicked and chuckled and squirmed, and his hazel eyes twinkled with fun. Then Bouncer Baboon crept up and gave his tail a pull, but even that didn’t spoil Baby Chimpanzee’s good nature. Mrs. Baboon pinched

Bouncer's ear for it though, but very gently, as everyone was feeling happy and she knew it was done only in fun.

"Why, how do you do, Mrs. Kangaroo? I haven't seen you before," cried Mother Chimpanzee. "Where is your little Joey?"

"Oh, he has been playing about, but he grew tired, and I have just put him in my pocket to rest," replied Mrs. Kangaroo.

Baby kangaroos are very tiny when they are born, only about an inch long. You can hardly believe it when you see their five-foot tall mother. So a mother kangaroo carries these mites around in a pouch on the front of her body for several months. There they stay, all snug and warm, until they grow larger and begin to be curious about the outside world. Then occasionally up pops a head, and finally they venture outside to play for a little while on the ground. But for a long time after a baby kangaroo is able to take care of himself he runs back to mother's pocket in case of danger.

"Yes, Joey was very tired," said Mother Kangaroo.

"So was Baby Elephant," said Mrs. Husky Tusky in a hushed voice. "He has been asleep for some time, and I have been brushing the flies away from him with a wisp of straw."

She swayed from side to side with pride and joy as she looked at her sleeping baby and stroked his chubby little gray body with her trunk.

"Well, Baby Bolita has had a long nap too, and I can't wake him up. He just won't unroll," cried Annie Armadillo, looking with a hopeless air at her own infant.

"Bolita" means "little ball," and that is what the people of South America call the armadillo, because he can roll up perfectly round, and nothing can get inside his tough shell. There Baby Bolita lay, all dressed in armor like his mother's, only it hadn't grown hard, but was still as soft as heavy paper. He simply wouldn't unroll.

"I think I'll roll him on home," said Annie Armadillo with a sigh. "He is such a sound sleeper."

"That's a very good idea," said Mrs. Bulky Hippo. "It's time everybody was going anyway. This has been a happy party, Mrs. Flamingo. We have all had a lovely time."

"I'm sure the children have enjoyed themselves very much," said Mrs. Chimpanzee smiling. "I hope your little birdlings will keep very well."

"Come, Baby Elephant," said Mother Husky Tusky, "wake up. It's time to go home! Good-bye, Mrs. Flamingo. Come and see us soon."

When Baby Elephant swung slowly down towards the Yellow River beside Mother Husky Tusky, the soft little Night Wind heard her say: "You may ride home on mother's back, dear; you were a good little boy today."

A WILD GOOSE CHASE

Slow Wings, the little wild goose, was lagging again. It seemed as if he were always behind. But he couldn't help it; he just couldn't keep up. There were the others going ahead, and he was falling back. Poor little Slow Wings! He was so dreadfully tired that he thought he should drop. How good that friendly green country did look. He didn't see the use of these long, long journeys anyway, thousands and thousands of miles through the air. He had been very happy and comfortable down in Texas where his family spent the winter. What if April had come? There was no reason for moving that he could see.

But the gander, who led the flock, knew better. Daddy Gander was wise and very old for a bird—almost thirty years. He knew that soon it would be hot in the South; that the cool lakes and marshes of Canada were waiting for him and his flock; that there they would build their nests and take care of the soft, newly-hatched goslings until they were strong enough to come back with the flock in October.

So, proudly he led at the head of the great V-shaped formation in which they flew. Like a living wedge it was—fluttering, flapping, and honking high in the air. “Gaggle-gaggle-gaggle, gaggle-gaggle,”

cried the wild geese as they went winging their way at nearly a hundred miles an hour.

Each bird trusted Daddy Gander. He knew the route to take and the very lake they were going to, with its cool, marshy banks and abundance of food. Straight and true, as if he carried a chart and compass, he sped, and they trusted him.

But a greater power than Daddy Gander was guiding them. It was God who gave their leader his unfailing instinct. The same wonderful Power who guides us in all we do carried them safely on their long, long journey through the air.

The clear blue day was wearing away toward evening. "Goodnight," smiled big, bright Mr. Sun, as he dropped behind the quiet hills which looked down on Frankie Jones' snug little home in the valley.

How peaceful and sweet it all seemed down there: the great barns on one side of the road, where horses and cattle were safely housed for the night; the chicken yard with its wire fence and cozy little wooden shelter for the pretty white chickens roosting inside with their heads tucked under their wings; and close by the shiny little pond.

"Just the place for geese," thought Slow Wings wistfully.

On the other side of the road was the long, rambling farmhouse. In the doorway stood a boy. "Oh, look, look, Father!" cried he, "the wild geese are going over; it's the end of winter."

"I don't like little boys very well," said Slow Wings to himself, "but I am so tired I don't believe I have strength enough to hiss at one. Goodness me! What is that?" he exclaimed, for with a swoop, a swish, and a rush the whole great flock ahead of him was settling down into the shiny little pond. On the water, on the banks, in the coarse marsh grass, everywhere they were fluttering, flapping, and honking. Slow Wings, with a sigh of relief, dropped too, yes, dropped down anywhere. It didn't matter to him where he was. Just to be on the ground, in order to fold his poor, tired wings and close his eyes for a minute, was enough.

Perhaps it was more than a minute, but it didn't seem any time at all when whirr-blurr-blurr came the sound of many wings, and the air was again filled with great flying birds.

"They're going," cried Slow Wings, "going without me. Oh, wait a minute, wait!" As hard as he could, he tried to flap his weary wings. Feebly he rose from the ground, then settled back again. Once or twice he almost got under way, but dropped exhausted. "Oh, dear, I shall never catch up with them now," he thought in despair, "never in the world! I am such a slowpoke. What shall I do! I just can't go on. What will become of me?"

"Gaggle-gaggle-gaggle, gaggle-gaggle-gaggle," sounded faintly on the soft night air. The cool bright moon was beginning to peep over the quiet hills, and the

little stars winked cheerfully at Slow Wings. Just then the same boy came to the doorway of the house.

"Oh, Father, there's a poor little wild goose in the chicken yard," he cried. "What can we do with him? I do wish he would stay!"

Slow Wings' little heart was going thump, thump, with weariness and fear. He had never been so frightened and unhappy in his life, no never! Yet this little boy's voice sounded kind, and when Farmer Jones came out and said: "Let's put him in the henhouse, Frankie," his voice sounded kind too.

"Maybe I have been mistaken about human beings," thought Slow Wings. "Perhaps some of them are good, after all. Well, all I can do is to hope that I have fallen among the good kind. Now, what's going to happen? They are coming towards me. I guess it is time for me to be leaving."

Slow Wings hopped painfully along, but was too tired to make much headway. Frankie and his father drew nearer and nearer. Then all at once the little wild goose found himself pushed into that henhouse, right in with the sleeping chickens, and the door had been quickly shut so that he couldn't get out.

"Oh, I don't care," said Slow Wings to himself. "I'm so sleepy I couldn't keep awake if the sky were falling." So he tucked his head under his weary little wing, and was soon fast asleep.

When Slow Wings opened his eyes the next morning, the door of the henhouse had been pushed back,

and the sun was shining gaily. In front of the door was a pile of golden cornmeal, and all the white chickens were out in the yard, clustered about it. That cornmeal caught Slow Wings' eye at once. Goodness, he was hungry. He had never been so hungry in his life before. "I could eat every bit of that meal myself," thought he, "but I might have trouble out there. As I am a stranger, I think I had better be polite." So he stepped out and pecked daintily at the meal, paying no attention to the white chickens.

"This stranger seems quite nice," one white chicken called to another. "He is modest and quiet."

"Let's try to make him feel at home," returned the other.

Slow Wings was greatly surprised when one of them gave him a fresh, wiggly worm, newly scratched up. He feebly honked his gratitude, and began to feel almost comfortable and contented. "After all, this isn't such a bad place for a rest," thought he, with another peck at the cornmeal.

Just then Farmer Jones and Frankie came out of the house, and, before Slow Wings knew it, he was in Frankie's arms. My, but that was a shock! It was the worst fright he had ever had. At first he struggled and struggled to get away, but soon he quieted down. Nothing dreadful occurred. What good did it do to make a fuss?

Nothing very important happened; at least Slow Wings didn't find out until later the real importance

of what had taken place. Farmer Jones just snipped a wee bit from each of the little brown wings with a sharp tool he had in his hands. It didn't hurt at all. But when Slow Wings was down on the ground again and wanted to fly around the yard in order to see if he were rested enough to go on with his journey, he couldn't make his wings work. They wouldn't lift him up into the air at all. Two or three times he tried, but with no success.

"Oh, well, no wonder they are useless after flying so steadily for days," said he to himself. "There's no hurry anyway. I will just wait." Then he popped another nice fat worm into his mouth and took another nibble of cornmeal.

So the bright warm days of summer went drifting by, and Slow Wings was still unable to fly. He didn't mind, for he was having a wonderful time and getting very plump and lazy. Only once in a long, long while now did he think of the great flock and of wise old Daddy Gander, and of the exciting travels and adventures under his guidance.

But one morning Slow Wings awoke to sniff a crisp tang in the chilly air. Mischievous Jack Frost had paid a visit to the garden and the grass, leaving a beautiful white film over everything. Slow Wings, heart beat harder, and his blood flowed faster. Something stirred within him, something he couldn't control. He wanted to be off on the wing, to see new places, to settle on new ponds and new fields. The

old ones were tame. Tame, that was it! Life as he was living it was tame. "I am wild," thought he with a joyful thrill. "I want my liberty!"

Just then, away up in the sky, over the house and the farm came floating through the air little black specks against the blue. Little black specks they seemed to be, but moving in the form of a huge V — the V which Slow Wings remembered so well and — "gaggle-gaggle-gaggle, gaggle-gaggle-gaggle," the cries of wild geese, sounded faintly on the breeze.

"Honk-honk-honk," answered Slow Wings with a great throb of joy. Spreading his wings, up, up on the morning air he rose and flew, straight and true as an arrow, toward the great living V.

But when, a minute later, Frankie came to the cottage doorway and missed the pretty black head and brown back of the little wild goose, he felt just like crying. He didn't want to lose timid Slow Wings after all the months that had been spent to make friends with him.

Then faintly from afar off came the cry of wild geese, and high, high up near the sun Frankie saw the great flock going over again to its winter home in the warm South. Then he knew that the little clipped wings had grown and carried Slow Wings back to his own kind, back to the natural, free life which should be his.

Liberty is the right of all the beasts of the field and the birds of the air. So Frankie was glad.

THE TALE OF A TAIL

When Bobby Cat found himself in America, after a long, long voyage on a ship which went up and down and round and round, so that Bobby was very uncomfortable, he was most astonished.

Do you think it was the tall buildings, the noisy street, and the funny white people that made him most astonished? No, indeed; it was the long-tailed cats—cats with beautiful, long, sweeping, waving tails, every one of them! There wasn't a single cat with a short, stubby tail like his.

You see, Bobby was born in Japan, where cats don't have tails, and so he had never missed one. But now that he had come to America with Matey Burnet, who used to live in India, Bobby began to wish he had a tail too.

His new friends, the American cats, never made fun of him nor slighted him in any way, but pretty soon they discovered that Bobby wouldn't play. He just stayed under a tree all day long, where the shadows fell in stripes and blotches. He was always looking back to watch the shadows fall behind him.

You can't imagine why he did this? Well, you see sometimes a very long shadow would stretch out behind Bobby and make him look as if he had a tail,

and then he would be very proud and happy for a whole day. But, of course, this couldn't last. He had to go out into the sunshine once in a while, which only made him sadder than ever.

One day Bobby and Tabby were chasing a mouse through the screen door which Matey had left open. When Bobby got to the mouse and had caught it, he glanced around to tell Tabby about his good luck, but found that he was alone. Just then he heard a cry and looked back again. There was Tabby, caught in the door by her long, beautiful tail. Bobby dropped the mouse and rushed back, hurling his whole weight against the door, which opened a wee bit and set free Tabby.

As Bobby watched poor Tabby, who was licking her tail to make it well, he realized his good fortune in having no tail at all.

"It's very foolish to be vain and look for happiness in Shadowland," said Bobby to himself. "Only real things matter, like being generous, telling the truth, and making the best of what you are."

MONKEYSHINES

“Ouch,” grunted crusty old Grandpa Baboon, jumping and almost losing his balance. “What in the world was that? Somebody pulled my tail! Oh, you impudent young rascal, what business have you playing tricks on your old grandfather, I’d like to know?” And Grandfather Baboon grinned good-naturedly at little Babbie Baboon, who sat chattering in high glee on the branch below him.

“Come here, child, and I’ll tell you something you’ll like to hear,” said he in a mild voice.

If you could see him, you wouldn’t believe that such a dreadful looking old fellow could be so tender and kind. Grandfather Baboon belonged to the African family of apes, called Mandrills, which are the ugliest monkeys in the world. They have dog-shaped heads and ridges of light blue with purple stripes on their faces. The tips of their noses are bright, bright red, as if these monkeys had been out on a cold winter morning.

But even the crossdest old ape can’t be unkind to a dear little joker like Babbie Baboon. So back came Babbie and seated herself close to Grandpa Baboon, who put his great, long hairy arm about her.

“Now please tell me something nice,” she chattered gaily.

“Well,” said Grandfather Baboon, “this story doesn’t begin with ‘Once upon a time’ or ‘Sometime a long way off,’ but it starts with ‘Right now,’ for this very day there is going to be a meeting of all the monkeys in the world, right here in the Deep Dark Woods. The monkeys will tell how they live and do things in their native countries, and then perhaps they will play some games and have a feast. But we are all going to see if we can learn something from one another.”

“Oh, won’t that be fun?” chirped Babbie, clapping her hands. Monkeys have hands — yes, four of them, but no feet like ours, because they live almost entirely in the trees, and hands are more useful in clinging to the branches.

“Look, look, grandfather, I believe they are coming already,” cried Babbie.

“Right you are, Babbie,” said Grandfather Baboon. “Your bright little eyes can see better than mine. Here come all our African neighbors, I should say. Of course, it will take those from far countries longer to get here. You had better call mamma and papa, dear. It looks as if we should have a woods full very soon.”

So they did, for monkeys from all the tropical lands of the world began to crowd in, swinging and leaping and springing from branch to branch and tree to tree, until the Deep Dark Woods was no longer a place of quiet and peace. It was ringing

with merry shouts and screams and chattering. Louder and louder grew the hubbub, until Grandfather Baboon was at his wits' end to know how he could bring the meeting to order.

"Perhaps if I pound on this log with a stick, it will draw their attention," said Mr. Chimpanzee, who was always ready to help. "You know I can do that pretty well, and I enjoy it too." So Mr. Chimpanzee rapped loudly a great many times on a hollow log, and almost at once there was stillness. Monkeys are very curious; so they all stopped their chatter to find out what that strange noise was. Then up spoke Grandfather Baboon:

"Neighbors and friends from far countries, you are most welcome to the Deep Woods. We thought it would be pleasant for the members of the great monkey family to gather together, and I am delighted to see so many here. Perhaps we may teach one another some useful ways of living different from our own."

"Here, here; I like that idea," cried Mr. Chimpanzee, standing up to his full height, and smiling cordially. He looked so sociable and so much like a gentleman, with his hair neatly parted in the middle, that the monkeys all shouted in chorus: "You begin, Mr. Chimpanzee, and tell us about your family. You are the wisest and most like man of any of us."

"Oh, thank you, my friends; you are very kind indeed," said Mr. Chimpanzee modestly, "but don't

you think we Africans should give way to our guests from other countries, our South American cousins perhaps?"

"No, no, no," chimed some of the monkeys from the New World. "Many of us are not awake yet. Part of our family sleeps all day, so we had better wait until later."

"Oh, very well," continued Mr. Chimpanzee, "I will go on then. My family has been called by man the most intelligent of the Monkey Tribe. But, of course, I don't see how man knows anything about it," he added hastily, for Surly Gorilla and Grandfather Baboon were beginning to look angry and show their teeth. "I am sure we are not beautiful." Then he saw that everyone looked pleasant again.

"We have only hands, and we have to walk on the outside edges of the hind hands, so that makes us bow-legged and unable to stand up straight, besides. But when it comes to climbing about in the trees, where the largest part of our lives is spent, those four hands are very useful. We don't go in troops, but sometimes several of us build nests close together, which look like a cozy little village among the leaves."

"If you please, Mr. Chimpanzee, how do you build your nest?" piped up Mammy Marmoset in her sweet, birdlike voice.

"We just twist and weave small branches into a sort of platform for Mother Chimpanzee and the babies.

Then we fathers sleep on the branches below — downstairs, you might say,” replied Mr. Chimpanzee.

“That sounds very well,” trilled Mammy Marmoset, sitting up like a squirrel. “But down in South America, where I come from, we just curl up in a ball at bedtime. The marmosets are very tiny, only eight inches long, but I am proud to say that they can look anybody in the eye, and that’s more than other monkeys can do.”

Mammy Marmoset looked exactly like a funny little old lady, with a black face, long white hair, and very dirty gloves.

“But where in the world are those naughty children, Margie and Georgie, who came with me,” cried she. “Those pigmy marmoset babies are so tiny I can’t keep track of them. I am in a flutter all the time.”

“Here we are, Mammy,” came a low, soft call. “We are having such fun wrestling. We’re standing on Grandpa Baboon’s hand.” Sure enough, there they were, those four-inch tall monkeys — the smallest in the world.

By this time Surly Gorilla had kept still as long as he could, so with a snarl he said:

“I am the biggest of all the apes, and I ought to have a chance to talk, before these little ones who couldn’t kill anything but a fly begin. I come from Africa. I am six feet tall, strong, and very fierce. Do you see the odd way the hair grows on my arm?

From the shoulder to the elbow it grows down, and from the wrist to the elbow it grows up. So when it rains, all I have to do is to put my arms over my head and the rain rolls off as it would from a thatched roof. Now that is a clever arrangement, isn't it?"

"Oh, my, that's nothing!" cried Mr. Orang Outang. "My arms are so long that I can walk on them as if they were crutches, and I am one of the largest and strongest apes too. But I like the trees so well that I seldom come down to the ground. In Borneo, where I live, we go in great troops, eat fruits, leaves, and buds, and drink the water we find on the leaves of the trees. We never jump from bough to bough. I should say not! We are too dignified and solemn for such antics. There is no silly fun in us. We just walk to the end of a limb and swing by our arms to the next. Even Baby Orang is a solemn little thing, and stays quietly with his mother. Only the crocodile and Twisty Python dare attack us, and we are a match for them both. But what in the world is the matter, Greenie Monk? You act very nervous. Can't you wait until a fellow's through?"

"I'd like to get a word or two in edgeways," chattered the Green Monkey. "Man pays a great deal of attention to me, and I'd like to know why monkeys shouldn't. I am the one that hand-organ grinders always carry, and zoos have more of my kind than of any other. Children love me when I am young and gentle, but they should beware when

I am old and cross! At home here in Africa each drove has its leader, and lives in its own district. If a green monkey crosses his boundary into another district, he has to fight. We believe in keeping out strangers."

"So do we Galadas," screamed the baboon from Abyssinia, which is part of Africa. "Why, sometimes when we are raiding an orchard at night we meet a band of Arabian baboons, and then there is a scrimmage, I can tell you! The whole place looks like a rolling, tumbling, biting mass of mad baboons. It's great fun, but a little hard on the orchard."

"We do a bit of stealing ourselves now and then," chattered Handy Hanuman, who had a black face and bushy eyebrows. "You see, we're from India, and the Hindus who live in India believe we are sacred, so they never harm us, no matter what we do. It's a great temptation to help ourselves at fruit stalls and bazaars. I don't believe you could resist it either. But we have our enemies too. I guess everyone has something to look out for. We are dreadfully afraid of Stripey Tiger and the cobra."

"Hello there, Cousin Handy," called Gibby Gibbon, making a thirty-foot leap through the air to the tree where Handy sat, and scarcely touching his fingers to the branches. "I am glad to see someone from home. I'm from India too. I'm the greatest acrobat of the Jungle. When I walk I clasp my hands behind my neck to balance myself. But dear me! I have so

many accomplishments that I don't know where to begin. We Gibbons live in companies of fifty or more, and give beautiful concerts to great Big, Bright Mr. Sun when he gets up in the morning, and to the little Twinkling Stars when they come out at night. Our concerts are two hours long and can be heard for miles. Maybe we'll give one tonight if we ever get through this tiresome business. Oh, I could tell you much more if I didn't have to do my gymnastic exercises." Then off he flew from tree to tree, so fast that an eye could scarcely follow him.

"Well, I declare," said the Proboscis Monkey, "if I went so fast as that I'd bump my nose every minute. Even at the rate I go I have to hold my hand over it for protection against the branches. You see, that's what my funny, long name means. *Proboscis* means just *nose*, and mine is longer than the word. It will be three or four inches long when I'm grown up. Then with these splendid bushy whiskers I will look so much like a man that the people of Borneo, where I live, will declare that I am one. They will say I live in the forest to avoid paying taxes. That's a good joke, I think."

"Gracious," sniffed Blackie Saki. "I don't think noses amount to much, but beards are really worth while. I have the finest in the whole monkey family, and isn't my long black hair, parted in the middle, nice? They say it looks just like a wig. Maybe I am too vain about my beard, but when one has

something fine, I believe in taking care of it. I do hate to get it wet; so if nobody's looking, when I'm thirsty, I simply take some water in the palm of my hand and carry it carefully to my mouth. I am from South America, where the really wonderful monkeys live," continued Blackie Saki boastfully, and he is so ill-tempered that nobody dares contradict him. "Yes, sir," he went on, "we have tails that can be used like hands, and cheek pouches where we stow away food for future meals."

"That's right," called out Brother Longlegs, the Spider Monkey. "Everything Blackie says is true. It's like having five hands to own a tail like mine. I can even feed myself with it, and when I walk, it sticks straight up and keeps the balance like a tight-rope walker's pole. Other monkeys nibble the tips of their tails the way in which naughty children do their finger nails, but not I! My tail is too valuable! What's that, Surly Gorilla? Did you say that I look like a bunch of legs tied with a knot in the middle? Well I don't care if I do," chuckled Brother Longlegs, his black eyes snapping with mischief. "I can beat you in a race through the trees. Do you want to try? But when do we begin to have some fun? Haven't we had enough business? I say, let's play!"

"We say so too!" rose a chorus of voices from the already restless band. Monkeys cannot keep their minds on one thing very long, and hardly ever finish what they have started out to do.

No one needed a second suggestion to play. Mr. Chimpanzee leaped into the clearing which was spotted with patches of moonlight like a leopard's coat. "I am going to dance," he cried. "Come on, everybody," and he began to beat on his queer little mud drum which he had made for himself. Soon all the lively members of the monkey family were leaping and hopping and barking gleefully.

Then the little night prowlers began to open their great round eyes. Kinky Kinkajou from South America, Aye-Aye Lemur from Madagascar, and Slender Loris from India stretched themselves and roused from their all-day nap. Up in the trees the Howler family started their nightly concert. One long bark from the leader, and then a din such as you have never heard! The sweet silence of the Deep Woods was torn by howls, growls, and groans. Reddy Howler and his family were imitating Pouncer Jaguar, and everybody knew that the concert would last all night.

"Give us some of your acrobatics, Brother Longlegs," called Grandpa Baboon as well as he could above the noise.

"All right," cried Brother Longlegs merrily, and quick as a wink a cluster of Spider Monkeys had caught hold of each other's arms, legs, and tails, and hung in a chattering mass, suspended from a tree by Brother Longlegs' one strong tail.

But the babies had the best time of all, sliding

down grassy slopes, turning somersaults, taking droll little jumps and leaps in the air, clapping their hands, and making funny faces at each other, just like real youngsters.

Only Mr. Orang Outang and Surly Gorilla looked on, too solemn and too cross to take part in the fun. At what time the party broke up, nobody knows. Reddy Howler said that he, for one, was going to stay until daybreak. But when Big, Bright Mr. Sun came laughing up over the Little Hills, even Reddy had gone, and the Deep Woods were wrapped in velvet silence.

HOW SNOWY LEOPARD LOST HIS SPOTS

From the hills above Darjeeling, away up in the northern part of India, Spotty Leopard looked down on other hills dotted with round, low tea bushes, like so many fatly stuffed footstools. There too was the big, busy market place where soft warm furs, beautiful embroideries, and odd, rude jewelry, made of silver, turquoise, and coral, were for sale. Farther above him — up, up in the air, hung the great, white-headed Himalaya mountains, looking protectingly over everything.

Spotty had been enjoying himself very much until he saw little Bhuta, who lived just over the border in Thibet. Bhuta had come down to the market with his mother to help sell the long silver earrings and the queer turquoise and silver charm which she wore for good luck. But it was the fur cap Bhuta was wearing which caught Spotty's eye. Very beautiful it was too, but so much like Spotty's own pretty coat that it made him shiver.

"I don't like the idea of someone wearing my skin — no, not the least little bit, but there isn't any use in worrying about it," said Spotty to himself. "I could hide easily enough if anyone got after me — yes, easily, except up there in the snow," and he

glanced up the mountainside to the shining white expanse beyond the snow line. "Not a bush nor a stone there to protect anybody! I wish I had a nice white coat like Furry Fox or Erma Ermine, but they say that a leopard can't change his spots, so I guess I won't think about it. See the big crowd in the market place this morning! But what was that terrible sound? A hunter's gun?"

Spotty had heard that sound before, but never so near as this. He couldn't believe his ears, so he stayed very still for a second and waited. Then that terrible *boom* was heard again, closer and louder than ever. His enemies were coming! Spotty bounded up the steep mountainside like a flash. From bush to bush and rock to rock he went, with quick, cat-like jumps; then on and on until the way grew rougher and barer and stonier, while his heart beat madly.

"Perhaps the danger is over now," thought Spotty. But no! That horrid booming sound and the shouts of human voices drove him on again. In front of him lay the dreaded snow line, and before he knew it he was out on the great glistening side of the mountain with never a stick nor a stone in all that white expanse to hide behind. Every dark spot on his tawny body seemed to stand out brighter than before. Just then Spotty caught sight of Ibey Ibex, the mountain goat. From a lofty cliff Ibey whistled to him not to be afraid. That was all right for

Ibey Ibex, who could leap from crag to crag where no man ever dared to venture.

Then out of a snug little drift in the snow peeped Erma Ermine. As white as she could be, even to the end of her long furry tail, was Erma, but the very point of that tail was prettily tipped with black. Erma put out her head cautiously, for she was much in awe of Spotty Leopard, and she was sure that if she kept very quiet in the snow she would be safe. But when she saw poor Spotty panting and leaping so wildly, she realized that he was in danger, and she just couldn't help giving him a word of cheer from her kind little heart.

"Don't be discouraged, Spotty," she called. "You'll get away from them, I know. You are doing splendidly."

Spotty couldn't even gasp his thanks to this new-found friend, but turned on her a grateful eye and bounded away. He almost stumbled over Leaper, the hare, who was so round and white that he looked like a lump of ice in Spotty's pathway. Next appeared Furry Fox, in his glistening white coat. He was barely visible to the fear-blinded Spotty Leopard.

"Sorry for you, old man," called Furry from a safe distance. "I wish I could help. As a matter of fact, all you need is to be white, like some of the rest of us."

White! That was it. He ought to be white!

"Oh, how I wish I could be white, if only for a few minutes," cried Spotty. "I never wished anything so hard in my life. It wouldn't hurt anybody and

would help me so much. With all my heart I wish I were white!”

Just then he noticed his paw which stretched out in front of him as he leaped and plunged along, fleeing from his pursuers. It was white! Spotty was so surprised that he forgot all about running away from the hunters. He stopped stock-still and looked at himself. Sure enough; he was the same color all over! He wasn't quite as white as snow perhaps, but light enough to be lost to the eye of the hunter. However, there still were faint, shadowy-brown spots on his coat, so he wouldn't forget that he belonged to the leopard family.

Poor, tired Spotty was so happy and relieved that he sank down into a friendly snowdrift to catch his breath. No more shouts nor sounds of gun-shots floated up to him from below.

Never in his life had Spotty Leopard been so excited, and he just couldn't wait to show his new coat to Mrs. Bear, Furry Fox, Erma Ermine, Musky and Barker Deer, and all the other mountain folks.

“I'll have to change my name,” said he to himself. “I'll tell them that they must call me ‘Snowy’ after this. That's much prettier too.”

“Well, anyway,” thought *Snowy* Leopard as he trotted merrily along, “if you wish something good, and wish it hard enough, it seems to me that you will be very likely to get it.”

THE MORNING BATH

Mr. and Mrs. Rose-breasted Grosbeak had made a discovery, and both of them had done this at the very same time. They had found a lovely bathtub which looked as if it was meant just for birds. Last night's gentle rain had filled it with fresh, clear water. But this bathtub, like almost every good thing, had its drawbacks. It was very near a house. In fact, it was a hollow in an old stone doorstep of a house, right at the back door where children romped in from school. These little folks went through the kitchen to get cookies or doughnuts, no doubt. But, just the same, it was a perfectly wonderful bathing place for birds.

"Let's take the risk, my dear," said Mrs. Grosbeak bravely. "I don't see anyone about now, and it's too lovely to miss. I feel just like having a dip. But there isn't room for more than one, so I will go in first."

"Peek-peek-peek," sang Mr. Grosbeak in his pleasant voice. "I am sure, my dear, that there's plenty of room for both of us. I will go in on the other side. You see it is really quite large enough for two."

Mr. Grosbeak looked very handsome as he perched

on the edge of the tiny pool, with his black head and back, rose-red breast, and tail jauntily tipped with white. But all his good humor and beauty did not soften Mrs. Grosbeak. She was determined to have the bathtub to herself.

"I don't agree with you at all," said she, giving poor Mr. Grosbeak a peck and pushing him away. "Peek-peek-peek," went she, stretching her neck out very long and scolding and chattering at Mr. Grosbeak. "Don't bother me any longer. I am in a dreadful hurry."

When Mr. Grosbeak heard that, he hopped aside in the most gentlemanly way, and waited while Mrs. Grosbeak stepped into the clear, cool water and fluttered and fluffed her brown wings, as if she were enjoying her bath and her triumph very much.

Mrs. Grosbeak is not so handsome a bird as her husband. She wears a simple brown dress and looks more like a large sparrow than anything else.

But do you think that tiny, shiny pool was overlooked by other birds very long? No, indeed! Little Chipper Chewink had already seen it, glistening in the sun. Quick as a flash, there he was, perched on the edge of the stone step, longing to get into the water.

"Of course," thought he, "Mr. and Mrs. Grosbeak are here, but there seems to be room for all of us." Then, as he bowed very politely, he said, "I hope you do not mind my joining you."



MRS. GROSBEEK WAS ENJOYING HER BATH

Chipper Chewink is a lively, businesslike fellow, who generally has things his own way in the bushes and thickets where he lives. So Chipper never dreamed that he would be unwelcome.

"Well, who in the world is this?" cried Mrs. Grosbeak impatiently, as she stopped fluttering and splashing in the water to look at the small stranger. "What do you mean by intruding, sir?"

Never in your life have you heard such a scolding and screaming and chirping as followed. Mrs. Grosbeak simply forgot all about her manners.

"Goodness," thought Chipper Chewink, "I should prefer to wait all day and have peace." So, with a fluff-fluff of his short wings, up into the nearest tree he flew.

Now, having routed the last intruder and gained her own way, Mrs. Grosbeak enjoyed her bath immensely. Soon she flew away with a cheery "Peek-peek" to Mr. Grosbeak, who lost no time in going into the water himself.

But Chipper Chewink was watching from the tree. Yes, indeed; he still had his bright little eye on that bathtub. Mr. Grosbeak looked friendly, and Chipper thought he would like to find out what Mrs. Grosbeak had made all that fuss about anyway. So down flew Chipper to join him. Mr. Grosbeak was very polite and cordial, and after the bath, clearing his throat with an awkward chirp, he said,

"You really must excuse Mrs. Grosbeak, Mr.

Chewink. She was a little impolite this morning, I am afraid, but you see she was very anxious to get back to our babies. We don't dare to leave them alone very long. With snakes and weasels and thoughtless little boys about, we have to be on the watch. But Mrs. Grosbeak is always just a bit cross with the cares of a young family on her shoulders."

"Oh, of course, I understand," sang Chipper Chewink cheerily. "I didn't mind at all. But you don't have to be as careful as we. Your nest is in the trees, while ours is on the ground."

Chipper really felt all right, now that he knew the reason for Mrs. Grosbeak's ill temper.

"But even with cares," he thought to himself, "she should have been a little more polite and unselfish."

"Shall we go now; peek-peek-peek?" sang Mr. Rose-breasted Grosbeak pleasantly.

"Yes, indeed; chewink-chewink, pill-a-will-a-willa," answered Chipper Chewink, and off they flew.

HOW THE ANIMALS CHOSE A KING

The most exciting thing was about to happen in Animal Land! The animals were going to choose a king. That night there would be a big meeting in the desert, and Mr. Lion was growing anxious, for the sun had already set.

"Hurry up, my dear," said he in his softest growl to Mrs. Lion, "or we shall be very late."

"Yes, yes, father," replied Mrs. Lion from the depths of the cave, "in a minute. I must get Tawny and Spotty tucked in. You see, Tawny was naughty, and I couldn't leave him until he had said that he was sorry," said Mrs. Lion as she came out into the cool evening air.

"Now you go in front, my dear," said Mr. Lion, "and let's walk as fast as we can, for it's going to be a very interesting meeting, and we are a little late."

Softly they swung along, with Mrs. Lion walking ahead, over the bare, rocky hills of the desert. Deserts are not all smooth yellow sand, stretching away as far as you can see. No, indeed! They have sharp, high hills and rough, rocky places, and once in a while a refreshing pool of water with palm trees growing around it, which is called an oasis. The

changing lights of day and night throw beautiful colors over the desert too. Maybe in a land where no showers ever fall that takes the place of our lovely rainbow.

The meeting was being held in a sandy spot where the high rocks cast long purple shadows. Usually not a sound was heard there, but tonight the cool air was full of voices. Every animal from far and near had come, even from India. Nobody knows how they got there. When Mr. and Mrs. Lion slipped quietly into their places, big gray Polly Parrot had the floor—or the rock as it happened to be.

“Now,” shouted Polly, shaking her claw, “my candidate for king is Mr. Giraffe. He is the tallest animal in the world.” Then she paused to see how the others liked what she had said. “He is swifter than any horse and can go without water for many weeks, and he lives on the highest mountain in Africa.”

There were a few murmurs of: “But he hasn’t any voice,” which were drowned in the loud applause. Mr. Giraffe bowed very gracefully, bending his long neck as far down as he could.

“I move we nominate Mr. Chimpanzee,” said Carrie Carabao, climbing on to the high rock and puffing her words out slowly from the exertion. “He is the wisest and cleverest of all of us. He walks upright, has no tail, and is most like man in brain power. You have all seen him dance in the moonlight and beat on his drum made of dried clay.

Then think of his marvelous little house of twigs and leaves which he builds in the trees. He's surely every inch a king when he sits under that noble canopy."

"Second the motion," piped up Timmy Crane, Carrie Carabao's best friend. A few cheers followed, and Mr. Chimpanzee, with his hair parted neatly in the middle, as he always wears it, rose and bowed like a gentleman, even though the applause wasn't very encouraging.

"What's the matter with Husky Tusky?" cried Billie Mongoose as he leaped to the rock. "He's the largest animal in the world. Even Stripey Tiger is afraid of him. But he's gentle and kind with his friends and very, very sociable. He can scent rain-fall for many miles, and his judgment is wiser than man's, for he can tell when a bridge is not strong enough to hold him and will refuse to cross it."

Billie couldn't say any more, as the cheers were so loud and long. Great, gray Husky Tusky looked very sheepish out of his twinkling eye and waved his trunk back and forth in modest thanks.

As soon as the applause had died away a little, Grouchy Camel began to talk. "There's no question in my mind about who should be king. My cousin, Don Dromedary, is the one. He's the most valuable beast of burden in the world, and, besides, his flesh is tender for eating. Tents and rugs are made of his skin, and warm cloth of his silky hair. He does

not need to eat or drink on a long journey across the desert, but carries water in his twelve stomachs and draws strength from his hump, even though he has only one, while we from India have two. Do you know how fast he can travel? A hundred miles in eleven hours!"

"We don't like his temper," chirped Tweet and Pete, the parakeets, from the back row. But their voices were quickly drowned in cheers for Don Dromedary, who bowed as graciously as he could, for he didn't want anybody to think that Tweet and Pete were right about his snarly disposition.

At this Stripey Tiger sprang lightly on to the speaker's rock, and stillness fell on the gathering. It was growing a little dark, and Stripey's eyes shone out of the dusk like two green moons.

"Friends," said he in his best purring tone, "I want to suggest for king a cousin of mine—Mr. Lion! He is very strong and very fierce, but there is something much better about him. When he and Mrs. Lion go out together, he always walks behind her at a respectful distance. When food is needed, he hunts for it, and when it is caught he never eats until Mrs. Lion has come and eaten first, or else he carries it to her. He is brave and fearless in defending her from danger. He teaches the baby lions to hunt, and keeps them at home in the cave until they are three years old. He's a kind father and a good husband. Now I nominate Mr. Lion.

not because he is the strongest and fiercest animal, but because he is the politest animal in the world. *Mr. Lion — King of the Beasts !*”

Well, the uproar lasted at least ten minutes. Then Polly Parrot shrieked, “Put it to a vote!” Of course the “Yeas” had it; there wasn’t a single “Nay.”

“*Unanimous, Unanimous!*” shouted Polly. Then Mr. Lion came out, shook his mane, and gave three rousing roars for Animal Land. These rolled out over the desert like thunder, while Mrs. Lion purred and waved her tail with pride and pleasure.

So, they say, that’s the way Mr. Lion became King of the Beasts. More good comes from being polite than from being powerful.

THE GOOD CITIZEN

Far up in the Deep Woods of Canada lives a good citizen — as good a citizen as anyone could wish. He's faithful, thrifty, industrious, honest, and kind, and he isn't a man either. He is just round, fat, little Busy Beaver, with his webbed hind paws, his broad, flat tail, and his thick fur coat.

It was a cool autumn evening when Busy Beaver and his friends gathered on the bank of the river which ran through the Deep Woods. The air was so fine and crisp that almost anyone would have wanted a good romp through the woods or a paddle in the stream which flowed merrily along toward the rolling sea.

But do you think Busy Beaver with his family and friends was going to frolic and idle away the time? Not a bit of it! There must have been two hundred beavers, of all sizes and ages, gathered by the river's edge. Each one was ready to work and waiting for orders. There wasn't a lazy bone in their bodies.

So when Busy Beaver said, "I have an idea: let's build Beaver Village right here and begin with the public works," each one of the throng was happy. They didn't waste any time, but ran as fast as they

could to the trees and started to gnaw. You see the public works of a town are the things which are good for everybody, like schoolhouses and parks, and the thing which is good for everybody in a beaver village is a dam across the river.

Sitting propped up on their broad, flat tails, the beavers gnawed the trees. In a very few minutes trunks four inches thick, gnawed through by the beavers' sharp teeth, fell to the ground with a crash and a bang. But these wood-cutters were never crushed by the falling trees. The wise little fellows just gave a glance now and then at the tree tops, and when they began to sway, the beavers ran as fast as they could to safety, where they stayed until the great trunk lay on the ground.

Then the bark had to be all taken off and the trees cut into logs, about four feet long. Do you know why these clever little animals strip off the bark? It is because wood doesn't decay so quickly when the bark is off.

Just as fast as the logs were ready, other beavers dragged them to the river and swam out with them. Some of their brothers then sank the logs and fastened them to the bottom of the stream with mud and stones. Others plastered mud between the logs, so that they would be strong and sure. But the plaster had to be made. Lots of little beavers were bringing earth in their mouths, while others mixed it into mortar with their feet. You might think they would use



ALL THE BEAVERS WERE EAGER FOR WORK

their broad, flat tails to mix the mortar with, but they don't. However, Busy Beaver has many other uses for his tail. It is a prop when he sits up, he gives the water a resounding slap with it when he wants to warn the beaver village of danger, and it makes a splendid rudder when he is swimming, for Busy Beaver is a famous swimmer. He would rather be in the water than on the land, even in winter when the water is cold and frozen and he has to swim under the ice.

"Remember, folks, we are to build the dam in a curve," cried Busy Beaver cheerily. "The water rushes along very fast right here, and a straight dam wouldn't hold. It must curve upstream, against the current too."

No engineer could choose better than the little beaver what kind of a dam to build. He never makes a mistake. Sometimes the dam is straight, sometimes curved, and sometimes it forms an angle. The reason why he builds the dam at all is to keep the water deep enough so that he can have an underwater passage out of his house, for in summer the streams dry up and get very shallow.

When the dam was finished, it was ever so far across—almost a hundred feet, six feet thick at the bottom, and two feet thick at the top. All the active little people of Beaver Village stood still and looked at it with pride. They saw the bright waters come rushing down, beat against the dam, and flow back

again, baffled. It was holding perfectly. When the river above the dam began to creep out over the grassy meadows and spread itself until it was a big, big pond of silvery water, Busy Beaver called out with a happy look in his eyes, "Now let's build our homes around this lovely pond. What do you say? It seems as if I couldn't wait to start that apartment house I have been thinking about."

Well, it didn't take long for them to follow Busy's suggestion. Of course, it didn't, when already each little beaver was tired of loafing and was aching to get back to work. The crowd had broken up into small groups of families and friends who thought they would like to live together in the same house. All were planning and building. Busy Beaver and Mrs. Beaver, who had chosen each other as mates for life, joined a few of their very best friends and began the two-story apartment house which Busy had been thinking about in his bright little mind.

"This is the very spot," shouted Busy Beaver, "right here near the bank, where we can get to shore for food. The water is deep too, so we can always have a way out under water which is below freezing point."

The house was built in the same way as the dam, with logs and mud mortar, and looked just like a cone-shaped pile of wood. Inside, it was clean and dry, with the upper story above the level of the water, and the lower story built down into the

ground. Rough and uninviting as it appeared on the outside, it was plastered smooth and nice within. There were two doors. One opened right on to the land, so Mr. and Mrs. Beaver could go out to get food, and the other was like a cellar door. It opened deep down under the water, so far down that even Jack Frost could never reach it. That door was for safety. Nothing could catch Mr. and Mrs. Beaver when they went in and out of it.

Now when Busy and his party of friends had finished their fine house, had made it dry and snug, and left some little airholes in the roof, they stopped to look around. Then they were most astonished, not by the Silvery Pond which now spread over many acres, nor the Deep Woods which had just lost so many of its beautiful trees, nor the splendid dam which was holding back the rushing waters so valiantly. It wasn't any of these things which astonished them most. No indeed! It was the row of little houses all around the Silvery Pond. Beehive after beehive it looked like, all finished and ready to move into.

"Bless me," said Busy thoughtfully, "how quickly Beaver Village has grown! Nothing to do now but to get the furniture and start housekeeping. Oh, yes, there is too; I nearly forgot the food. We must lay in a supply of bark for the winter."

So they all went to work again and dragged more logs to the edge of the water, and others they stowed

away on the bottom of the pond. Bark seems a funny thing to eat, doesn't it? But there is no accounting for taste, and Busy Beaver thinks bark the choicest morsel in the world.

When enough food for the winter had been gathered into piles or sunk to the river bed, there was still furniture to be provided. So everyone ran off to bring mouthfuls of the longest, softest grass and the cleanest, freshest chips to be found, for the beaver likes to have his house clean. Then into the huts these things were carried, and were patted and tucked into the snuggest corners of each small apartment until every last beaver of Beaver Village had his own soft, warm, cozy bed. After, pop, went each little head into his own back door, you wouldn't have known that there was anything alive in a single one of those funny woodpiles along the pond. There wasn't a sign of life, for a sharp chill was in the air, and the folks of Beaver Village had gone into winter quarters.

But if you had been walking along through the Deep Woods and by the Silvery Pond some fine morning the following June, you would have seen Busy Beaver and Mrs. Beaver poke their little noses very cautiously out of their snug home and take a good look around. Then if you had been very still, and had kept behind the trunk of a huge tree, you would have noticed a very funny procession. You would have seen Busy Beaver, Mother Beaver, and

five of the cunningest fuzzy baby beavers there ever were come walking solemnly out. Then if you had made the very faintest sound it's possible for a little boy or girl to make, quicker than your eye could see, Mr. and Mrs. Beaver and the babies would have slipped back into the water of the Silvery Pond and made off again to their own deep, safe back door.

THE JUNGLE CAFETERIA

"Wouldn't it be fun if all the Jungle folks could eat together?" said Polly Parrot to Teddy Toucan and the Secretary Bird as they sat in the breadfruit tree one hot afternoon. "It would have to be a place where almost everything grows," said Polly, cocking her head on one side thoughtfully. "Let me see, what do you think, Teddy?"

"Well, if you should ask me," screamed Teddy Toucan, delighted to get in a word, for he is the noisiest bird in the Jungle, "I should say we wouldn't have to go very far."

"That's what I think," chattered a voice from the nearest palm tree. "Right here is the best spot in the whole world."

"Why, there's Jacky Monk," cried Mr. Secretary Bird, looking up. "Now that you mention it, Jacky, I believe you are right. There is certainly everything here which you who like vegetables could want, and I guess I can pick up a nice juicy snake somewhere about."

"Let's call the other animals and see how they like the idea," said Polly. "You swing off that way, Jacky, and tell everyone you see, while I fly in this direction."

Of course, it didn't take two such good talkers as Polly and Jacky very long to call all the animals in the Jungle, and pretty soon they began to come. Husky Tusky and Grouchy Camel were in the lead, while Bulky Hippo plowed slowly behind.

"Hurry up, Bulky," said his chum Ranny Rhino, giving Bulky an occasional poke with his horn. "You know I like to go faster than this. Let me get in front."

"You couldn't do any better, Ranny," grunted Bulky. "Husky and Grouchy are in the lead, and they are so dignified they won't hurry."

"Oh, do take it easy, Ranny," croaked Fanny Frog, as she and Lizzie Lizard came up beside him. "Give us little folks a chance to catch up. Mrs. Ostrich and Raffy Giraffe are pushing us from behind. Oh, please stop crowding so; we are all out of breath."

"I never saw such fast walkers in my life as those two," puffed Sally Sloth Bear to Bolita Armadillo, who came trundling along next. "They must be awfully hungry. I don't think it's very good manners to be so greedy as that, do you?"

"Well, I don't care if it isn't," cried Billie Mongoose, scampering in and out under their feet. "I want something to eat!"

"No trouble to keep up with this crowd, is it?" called Hattie Heron to the Great Bustard as they came flapping along overhead in a leisurely fashion.

"But if we get too far from the Yellow River, I don't believe there will be much of a feast for me. I like fish on Friday and on every other day too."

At the end of the procession came Stripey Tiger and Mr. Lion, creeping along very low to the ground. To be sure, the end of the procession was a strange place for the King of the Beasts and the Terror of the Jungle to have. But you see they both felt very doubtful about this party.

"I am afraid there won't be anything there we like to eat," roared Mr. Lion.

"Except the guests," replied Stripey in his lowest and softest purr.

"Oh, it wouldn't be polite to eat them, would it?" growled Mr. Lion. "Anyway, we can leave early if the party doesn't suit us."

So, tramp-tramp, pitter-patter, hurry-scurry, whirr-burr, they went along the Winding Way, until at last they came to the place where Jacky Monk, Polly Parrot, Mr. Secretary Bird, and Teddy Toucan were sitting on the lowest branch of the breadfruit tree. It had looked just like a circus parade, only they didn't know it, for, of course, none of them had ever been in a circus parade. I hope these happy wild things will never have to, don't you?

"Whoop-ee," screamed Jacky and Polly in chorus.

"Right this way," called Mr. Secretary Bird, in his most important manner.

"Hurry up, hurry up, hurry up," yelled Teddy

Toucan in his loud, hoarse voice, clattering his great beak.

“What is all the fuss about, anyway?” rumbled Husky Tusky. “It’s nice to have a meeting, but what is the idea?”

“Well, we thought it would be pleasant to eat together now and then. I believe it was Miss Parrot’s idea in the beginning,” said Mr. Secretary Bird, standing up very straight and rustling his quills. Now everything is right here that could tempt a reasonable palate,” and he looked hard at Stripey Tiger and Mr. Lion. “It is going to be one of those help-yourself restaurants—a cafe—, cafe—”

“I know; a cafeteria,” sang Fanny Frog. “My cousins in the United States talk about them. Won’t that be fun? May I begin right away?” And she whipped out her long, sticky tongue to snap up a passing fly.

“Yes, start right in, friends,” chirped Jacky Monk. “Night is coming on, and I for one am hungry.”

Then Jacky swung over into the cocoanut palm and threw a big brown nut down to the ground in order to break it. He loves cocoanuts. He ate the delicious meat and drank the cool milk with great delight.

“Those fresh green shoots on the bamboo tree look good to me,” trumpeted Husky Tusky, as he stretched up his trunk for them. “Stand over, Raffy Giraffe; you can’t have them all, piggy!” Raffy

moved away with a look from his gentle eyes as much as to say, "Oh, well, I don't care, as I like these better anyway," and then began to browse on the tender leaves of the acacia tree.

"What are you pouting about, Ranny Rhino?" said Husky Tusky.

"Oh, I don't like all these dry things," grunted Ranny dolefully. "Let's go down to the Yellow River where that good marsh grass grows. Come on, Raffy; you want a drink, don't you?" But Raffy Giraffe gave him a scornful look. "Goodness, I forgot that Raffy can't talk. He wouldn't go one step out of his way for a drink either, for he is hardly ever thirsty. I guess I'll have to go alone," said Ranny to himself.

"Come over here, Ranny, quick," called Bulky Hippo. "This is the most wonderful sugar cane you ever dreamed of. My, but it is good, almost as good as Farmer Tamil's green corn! Come on; it will make you forget all about marsh grass."

"I wish I had some dates," scolded Grouchy Camel. "Don Dromedary is always talking about the ones they have in Africa."

"Don't be so fussy, Grouchy," called Billie Mon-goose. "You know you like leaves and grass too."

"Well, yes, I do," admitted Grouchy a little more pleasantly. "I don't really dislike thorn bushes and nettles. If I can't get anything else, an old blanket or a hide will do, and even a bit of fish or meat."

"Fish? Who said 'fish'?" piped Hattie Heron excitedly. "I have been watching you people eat until I can't stand it any longer. I'm going down to the Yellow River to catch some fish. I shall just stand up to my knees in the water, under a shady tree, and pick up Mr. Fish as he comes along. I'm off now. Good-bye!"

"Well, as for me, I agree with Hattie about this vegetable diet. I don't think much of it," said Mr. Secretary Bird, decidedly. "I like a bit of meat myself. A nice, long, slippery snake is the choicest morsel for me. That makes me very useful to man too. My brothers down in Africa are tamed and kept in the poultry yard to kill snakes. Perhaps I'm far enough away to safely say that now and then a chicken is snapped up too."

"I like fruit," said Polly Parrot, pecking at a large red pomegranate she held in one claw.

"So do I, especially bananas," shouted Teddy Toucan at the top of his lungs as usual, "and that is where my long beak comes in handy. It looks discouraging to have a beak almost as big as one's body, doesn't it? But mine is very light, and when a nice juicy nectarine is at the tip end of a frail branch where I don't trust myself to go, I can just reach out and get a bite. One bite is not enough for me, either. I have an enormous appetite; yes, sir, e-normous! I like to pick insects out of flowers with this beautiful red and yellow beak of mine too."

"Now, speaking of insects," said Sally Sloth Bear, as she scratched hard at a great ant-hill, "I can get them better than most of you. Just watch me!" Nearly all the animals were too busy eating to notice Sally, except Fanny Frog, Lizzie Lizard, and Bolita Armadillo, who were especially interested in insects. They stopped to see if they could learn any new ways of getting food. Sally Sloth Bear went right on tearing away the wonderfully built home of the ant family, with her sharp fore claws, until she had reached the part where the ants were thickest. Then with a great puff she blew away the dust and sucked up a huge mouthful of the unlucky insects in one big breath.

"That is all right," said Bolita Armadillo pleasantly, "but I like just as well my way of digging them out of the ground with my claws, and really I believe I prefer roots and grain. How do you feel about it, Lizzie?"

"Oh, I especially like flies and spiders," cried funny little Lizzie Lizard. "I love to stay in houses and catch insects, which makes me very dear to the people of the hot countries where I live. I can run up a wall or ceiling with the greatest ease. See the five round, fat toes on each of my feet? They are little suckers which hold me to the wall, even when I am standing on my head."

"Men love me too," spoke up Billie Mongoose brightly. "At Mr. Burnet's house where I live they

couldn't get along without me. Once I saved their little boy's life from a cobra." Pride and happiness glowed in Billie's bright eyes. "I keep the house clear of snakes, rats, and mice, and make a lively playmate for the children, besides. I am not very fond of a vegetable diet either," said Billie as he caught and ate a field mouse. Then he began carefully to pick his teeth with his claws.

"Oh my!" whispered Jacky Monk to Polly Parrot. "He hasn't very good manners, has he?"

"No," replied Polly under her breath, "but he is very clean and neat. It isn't kind to criticise, Jacky."

Mrs. Ostrich was busily eating gravel. "Why, what are you doing that for, Mrs. Ostrich?" cried Hattie Heron, who had just flown back from the Yellow River, after having her fill of fish.

"It is good for my digestion," answered Mrs. Ostrich with dignity. She didn't like to be asked foolish questions. "My doctor says that I must eat a little gravel after meals."

"Well, I should think you would have to," said Hattie, "after eating bits of iron and wood and all those funny things which you seem to like."

"But I prefer other things," said Mrs. Ostrich quickly. "Really I do. I like insects, worms, vegetables, fruits, and, most of all, those juicy water-melons which grow on the edge of the desert. But who is that coming over the top of the hill? Why,

bless me; it's Sunny Bear, from away up in the mountains. No wonder he is late."

"Woof-woof," panted Sunny Bear, "but I'm hungry! A long journey like that gives me a tremendous appetite. What have you that's good to eat?"

"Oh, almost everything," chorused the Jungle folks. "Just help yourself."

"Here is exactly what I want," cried Sunny, forgetting his weariness. "I like these delicious mawa berries because they are so sweet. I like honey too. You know I have a regular sweet tooth," said Sunny with a jolly grunt.

"Why, there go Stripey Tiger, Mr. Lion, and Furry Fox! They are creeping off down the Winding Way," said Ranny Rhino. "I don't think very well of that, do you? I wonder why they left so early?"

"Oh, I suppose they couldn't stand it not to have the kind of food they liked," snarled Grouchy Camel with a curl of his lips. "If they could have had a bite at you, Raffy Giraffe, they would have been satisfied, I imagine."

"Now you shouldn't blame them," spoke up Billie Mongoose quickly. "They must live and have the kind of food they like. Mother Nature made them want flesh to eat, and she made all of us clever enough to keep out of their way. She has given each one of us some way of protecting ourselves. When

the cobra attacks me, I don't blame him for what he can't help. I just brace up and fight."

"Three cheers for Billie Mongoose," said Husky Tusky. "He has as much courage and kindness packed away in that little body of his as I have in great big me. But I think I'll be joining the herd now. I see that almost everybody has gone."

So they had. All the animals who sleep by night had slipped away to bed, and those who prowl and hunt had gone in quest of other food. The great breadfruit tree and the tall palm tree looked down on an empty, moon-lit space, where the wild folks of Animal Land had so lately held their Jungle cafeteria.

THE SAD LITTLE BLACKBIRD

Once upon a time, in far-away Burma, little Wadi was out for a walk between showers, for it was the season when it rains most of the time. Though the fog had settled down over everything, so that only the tip top of the big gold pagoda showed in the distance, Wadi could see a small blackbird sitting on the branch of a tree near him.

“Good morning, Mr. Blackbird,” said Wadi as pleasantly as he could, because he wanted to be polite to the stranger.

The little bird didn’t pay any attention, but just hung his head and seemed most awfully sad.

“Please,” asked Wadi, who felt very sorry for the little blackbird, “can you tell me why you are so sad?”

Then the bird lifted his head a little and replied: “You see I’ve just been born, and the fairy birds who brought me to my shell told me that I would have to be black if the sun were not shining the day when I came out into the big world. I’d like to be a gay yellow bird or a shiny silver one, and so I am looking to the east for the great sun. I’ve waited and waited and looked and looked, but no sunshine has come, and that is why I am so sad. I guess I’ll have to fly away to another country when I get large enough to seek sunshine and happiness.”

Wadi glanced down at his bright yellow skirt and put his hand to the pretty pink handkerchief around his head, and then he wondered how it would feel to wear dark things all the time. He had never realized how lucky he was, for the cheerful, smiling people of Burma all wear clothes made of the gayest colored silks.

Just then big, bright Mr. Sun came out of his cloud house and made the world appear clean and sparkling with little drops of water shining like diamonds everywhere.

Wadi, who was looking very closely at the bird, because he felt sorry for him and wanted to help him, began to jump up and down and to clap his hands.

"Oh, Mr. Blackbird, just look at yourself now!" cried Wadi. "Your coat is all shiny blue and green. It isn't black any more."

Then little Mr. Blackbird looked down at himself as well as he could, and, sure enough, all that he could see was beautiful blue and green.

"Thank you, thank you," exclaimed the little creature happily. "You don't know how much trouble you have saved me. I might have gone hundreds of miles away, looking for happiness. How glad I am that I stayed at home!"

So that's how the blackbird discovered his splendid iridescent coat, and it is also how Wadi learned that one can find happiness right where he is if he only looks for it.



"GOOD MORNING, MR BLACKBIRD," SAID WADI

HUSKY TUSKY, THE FAITHFUL

Husky Tusky was shouldering a responsibility — yes, indeed, a real responsibility. He liked it too! He felt quite equal to it and very proud, for Husky's shoulders were broad, his heart was large, and unusual intelligence looked out of his keen shoe-button eyes.

It was a warm day in the hills. The leaves hung very still and lifeless on the trees, and the sun poured down hot and bright over the little hut at the edge of the Jungle. Everything was quiet about the house, quiet because Father Tamil had gone to work on a tea plantation, two round hills and a plain away, and Mother Sakandra had balanced a big basket of fruit and vegetables on her head and gone to the nearest village to sell them. Only Baby Chandra was left, lying in his cradle, out under the trees.

Husky loved this blessed wee mite of a baby, crowing and kicking his tiny brown heels in the cool shade. Gently Husky Tusky rocked the cradle with his long trunk, back and forth, to and fro, until little Chandra was fast asleep.

Not a sound was heard in the drowsy, warm air but the humming and droning of insects and the whirr of a passing bird. Jacky Monk looked down from the trees above, chirped a shrill little note to

Husky Tusky, and flung himself off through the branches. Billie Mongoose whisked past with a shake of his bushy tail and a wink of his bright little eye. Lizzie Lizard slid by with a friendly wiggle but all had kept very quiet, in order not to waken the baby.

Husky Tusky was growing drowsy too. "This won't do," he thought with a start. "I shouldn't go to sleep when so great a trust has been placed in me. I simply must keep awake!"

The little house on the edge of the Jungle was a long way from the market where Mother Sakandra had gone to sell her fruit and vegetables. It was farther still from the plantation in the hills where Father Tamil was picking the young tea leaves from fat round bushes, all day long. Husky knew that they could not be back for several hours.

The day was wearing along to a blazing noon-time, and the flies were growing troublesome even to Husky's tough hide. So he stretched up his long trunk and broke off a leafy bough from the great breadfruit tree above him. This he gently waved back and forth over Baby Chandra, and then over his own broad back. "Ah, that's much better," thought he. "Now we are quite comfortable."

But to keep himself awake, Husky Tusky looked at everything around him. Up into the leaves of the cocoanut palm he gazed and thought how useful it was to his master, how Father Tamil thatched the roof of his house with its leaves, how he ate

the meat of the cocoanut and drank the delicious milk inside and how he made mats of the braided leaves and dishes of the cocoanut shells. Husky Tusky glanced at the long, looping vanilla vines, bearing the beans from which our vanilla extract comes. Then he looked down at the bare ground under his feet and up again into the blinding sky, so bright and clear that it was hardly blue at all, but white and glaring, as only midday sunshine in India can be.

“Big, Bright Mr. Sun is doing his best today,” thought Husky. “But what is that speck up there, circling and whirling around and around and around? It might possibly be King Eagle, but I guess there’s nothing here that he can get. I am a little too large for him, thank goodness! Wouldn’t he look funny trying to carry me off?” Husky Tusky’s great gray sides shook as he chuckled at the idea. “But I am sure that speck is coming nearer! Yes, I believe it really is King Gold Eagle. Well, if he’s the monarch of the air as he is so proud of saying, he had better stay in it. Master hasn’t any sheep or chickens. I am the only animal he keeps except Carrie Carabao, the water buffalo, and we are both able to take care of ourselves.”

Husky was growing reslesst and hot. He began to long for the Yellow River and his nightly bath there, and was just wondering if he couldn’t slip down to get a trunk full of water, when out of the

blazing sky there came a terrible roar of wings, a swoop like lightning from the heavens. Swift as an arrow from a well strung bow, descended Gold Eagle. Directly towards the precious baby he flew. But quick and sure of aim as was the great bird with its sharp talons and curved beak, Husky was quicker. It was love that made Husky so quick—love and duty. Just before the eagle could reach Baby Chandra to bury its claws in the tender brown flesh, with his trunk Husky caught King Eagle by his proud neck while he clawed and struggled for freedom, and in an instant Husky had thrust the enemy under his great feet and crushed him.

Then with a shudder at the thought of Baby Chandra's narrow escape and a great sigh of thankfulness that he hadn't followed his own selfish wishes to go to the Yellow River for a drink, Husky turned toward the Winding Way and saw Father Tamil and Mother Sakandra coming slowly home. They looked tired, but happy as they strained their eyes eagerly for a glimpse of their baby.

Nearer and nearer they came, but when they saw the dead eagle under Husky's big, brave, clumsy feet, and their little boy still safe and crowing in his cradle, they laughed for joy and cried a little too. They called Husky Tusky their treasure of gold, the jewel of their eyes, and many other endearing terms. Husky Tusky was happier than he had ever been before. He was happy because he had been faithful to a trust.

JIMMY FRISKY AND JANE

Once upon a time, away out in Kansas, there lived a little girl named Jane. Jane wanted a pet. All her little friends had pets—dogs or kittens or canary birds, and one had a parrot. “These are all very nice,” thought Jane, “but I want something different.” So, when a neighbor brought her a lovely little red squirrel, she jumped up and down and clapped her hands for joy.

This squirrel was the cutest thing Jane had ever seen, with his pretty reddish fur, his long bushy tail, and his bright, round eyes. How he did fly around! He jumped about on tables and chairs so fast that Jane said right away: “I’ll call him Jimmy Frisky.”

So Jimmy Frisky he was, and soon he grew to know his name and would come when he was called, for Jimmy wasn’t kept in his cage all the time. He was a spoiled member of the family and was allowed to roam over the house.

It was such fun to see Jimmy eat that Jane was tempted to feed him very often, and Jimmy liked it! The minute he was given a nut, up he would sit, as quick as a flash on his little hind legs and curl his beautiful long tail over his back. Then he would hold the nut in his little fore paws and turn it over

and over and over. When he had found a place in it to his liking, he would gnaw with his long, sharp front teeth right through the shell, no matter how hard it was.

The squirrel belongs to the family of animals called "rodents." A rodent is an animal that gnaws. All the rodents have very long and sharp front teeth, with which they can gnaw through nut shells, and some, like the beaver, gnaw through tree trunks. Now wouldn't you think that their teeth would be quickly destroyed by such hard substances? Ours would, but not theirs, for just as fast as their teeth wear off they grow again. They keep on growing all the time.

Well, Jimmy Frisky had many more nuts than were good for him—so many that sometimes he couldn't eat them all, and then his instinct for hoarding showed itself. Mother Nature has given all little squirrels this instinct to store away food for the winter, the time when everything is frozen and covered with snow and things to eat are hard to find.

Safe in some hollow stump, or under an old log, or down in a hole in the ground, or even under a pile of dead leaves, in any place which seems snug and dry, these wise little fellows store their food. They pack away nuts of all kinds, acorns, grain, dried mushrooms and berries, ready for the cold days of winter.

They don't often forget where they put them, either,

not bright-eyed squirrels! Of course, now and then they do fail to come back to a pile of nuts, for they usually lay up more than even the hungriest little squirrel can eat. But do you think those nuts are wasted? Not at all! In time those nuts produce fine trees. So the squirrels are a great help to Mother Nature. They help to scatter her seeds, and they have started many a noble forest.

Jimmy, too, knew about putting away winter stores. He didn't need them, of course, in the good home where he was, but he just couldn't help storing away food. When there were more plump rich nuts than he could possibly eat, what do you suppose he did with them? He ran up little Jane's arm and out upon her shoulder, parted her thick brown curls, tucked the nuts cozily away in her neck and patted the curls down over them. You see Jimmy didn't know that nuts wouldn't stay very long under her curls. They couldn't, of course, when those curls went bobbing up and down as Jane romped and played, but Jimmy Frisky was obeying the law of instinct. The nuts were stored away, and he was satisfied.

One day, while Jimmy was playing around the house, even more lively than usual, he jumped to the very tip top of an open door. There he sat chattering gaily, his beautiful long tail hanging down on one side of the door. When Aunt Helen saw him there, looking at her with his bright little eyes and

flirting his tail this way and that, she thought how a gust of wind might suddenly slam the door and give poor Jimmy's tail a terrible pinch. So she called and called to him to come down, but he only winked and blinked and whisked and frisked all the more saucily.

Then Jane tried to coax him. She held out the fattest, most tempting nuts she could find. But what were nuts to overfed Jimmy? Nuts were no novelty! Even the much prized crisp lettuce leaf didn't move the naughty little squirrel. He simply sat there on his perch and chattered.

"Churr - churr - churr," scolded Jimmy. "If you think I'm coming down from this nice high place, you are mistaken. What in the world is all the fuss about, anyway? I'm used to having my own way, and I like it." That was true. Jimmy Frisky was very much spoiled, but it really wasn't his fault.

"Perhaps, if I take hold of the end of his tail and pull, oh, ever so gently, he may jump down," said Aunt Helen with a merry laugh.

"All right, try it, Auntie dear," cried Jane.

So Aunt Helen took hold of the long hairs at the end of Jimmy Frisky's tail and gave them the gentlest pull she possibly could. What do you suppose happened? Instead of having Jimmy drop into her hand as she expected, she found that the tip end of Jimmy's tail was in her hand — just a bit of skin and fur.

Poor Aunt Helen couldn't believe her eyes. She

loved Jimmy Frisky as much as did anyone in the family, and she wouldn't hurt him for the world. The end of a squirrel's tail does come off easily like that sometimes, but you see Aunt Helen didn't know it.

Well, Jane and Aunt Helen and little Brother Frankie looked up at the top of the door where Jimmy Frisky had been sitting. They expected to see the poor little thing suffering, but Jimmy wasn't on the door!

Down there on the floor was Jimmy, jumping and springing from chair to chair and from table to bookshelves, livelier than before. Would you believe that this funny little squirrel didn't seem to miss at all the tip end of his tail? He acted as happy as ever, whisking his tail about, with its bit of bare bone at the end, as gaily as if it had been all thick and bushy. After a while the bit of bone fell off. Then you would never have known that anything had happened to Jimmy's tail, except that it was a little shorter.

Jimmy Frisky was growing very fat and somewhat cross too. The usually jolly little fellow was leading an unnatural life, you see. He had been too well fed, and he wasn't having the exercise he needed. When squirrels are at home in the trees, they are still hardly a moment.

One lovely summer day, Jane tried letting Jimmy out in the yard. Up the great maple tree he went like a flash. No one in Animal Land is quicker than

a squirrel. There he stayed all the long afternoon, chattering and chirping with delight and whisking about from branch to branch.

When big, bright Mr. Sun smiled his last good-night smile over the tree tops and went to bed, Jimmy began to feel hungry and lonesome. Then down he dropped into Jane's friendly, waiting hands, and back she carried him to his cage.

Jimmy didn't think of that cage when he came down from the tree. He didn't like cages, no matter how cold and hungry he was, and that was why he chattered and scolded at the top of his lungs.

"I don't want to go back. I don't care for houses and cages," he cried. "I want the trees, the grass, the sky, and the gentle rain. I want dear big, bright Mr. Sun, and even the cold old north wind!" What he had been missing all came back to him then.

No more frolics in the trees did Jimmy Frisky have. Dogs and cats are terrible enemies of the little squirrel, and Aunt Helen was afraid he would be caught by one of them if he were let out again.

So the bottom of his cage was removed, and the cage was set down on the lovely green grass. Cool and sweet this grass was to Jimmy's little feet, and for a while he loved it. But there came a day when his little squirrel heart longed for the trees, when his desire for freedom overcame the taming he had received in Jane's beautiful home.

Jimmy sprang with a strong, quick leap against

the side bars of his hateful cage, overturned it, and was off and away. Into the trees he jumped, frisking and flirting his fuzzy tail, while he chattered and called out his joy.

That night little Jane's heart was heavy. But when she went out the next day to say "Good morning" to big, bright Mr. Sun, Jimmy Frisky was up in the great maple tree to greet her. He winked and scolded and chattered at her in the friendliest manner. The best part of it was that he made his home right in that tree. Jane didn't lose Jimmy after all, and many were the jolly visits they had together.

THE GREAT ESCAPE

There was a hint of evening in the air when Stripey Tiger strolled out of his cave and stretched his legs after an all-day nap. He stood still a minute and glanced about. Up at the Little Hills tinted with a soft blue in the twilight, down through the twisted green vines and the thick, quiet trees, toward the Winding Way he looked.

It was supper Stripey was thinking of, not the beautiful Jungle nor the lovely evening. Night is the time when most of the Jungle people seek their food, and Stripey must provide for Mrs. Stripey and the babies. Besides, he was very hungry himself. Down to the Winding Way went Stripey, looking for a sheltered place in which to hide.

"It must be near the Yellow River, too," thought he, "for I do like frequent drinks of water with my meals. I just wish that a tender young deer or a wild pig would come along. My, but I'm hungry!" rumbled Stripey to himself.

Stripey Tiger knew how suddenly darkness comes in the Jungle, that it falls like a thick, soft curtain over everything. Although Jungle folk have eyes which see wonderfully well in the dark, it's easier to catch one's prey in the half light of dusk, and it is the natural feeding time too.

"Hello, there's a fine big rock for a shelter," thought Stripey. "Now let Grunty, the Wild Pig, and Swift, the Antelope, look out!"

Contentedly he sauntered toward the rock, giving a little purr at the thought of supper at last, when suddenly his purr changed into a horrible, blood-chilling growl. Coming towards Stripey was another tiger as large as he, yes, every bit as large! This tiger didn't stop a second, but came right on just as fast as Stripey did. When Stripey snarled, the other tiger curled his lip threateningly too, but made no sound.

"Get out of my way!" screamed Stripey, with a terrible ring in his voice.

Still the other tiger paid no attention. His mouth opened, his teeth gleamed, and his lip curled, but he was silent; yet he kept advancing. This was too much! Stripey had never been so angry in his life.

"Not afraid of Stripey Tiger, the biggest and fiercest of the whole Jungle tribe? Well, I'll show him!" roared Stripey, giving one mighty lunge toward the handsome stranger.

Then, flash, crash, smash, plunged Stripey through flying, dazzling splinters of light, and down, down, down into depths of darkness he dropped! Biff, bang, came the cool, earthy surface up to meet him. On all four feet he fell of course, as cats both large and small do. Then Stripey looked around him; all was dark. He looked up; there were a few bright stars just beginning to twinkle.

But where was that other tiger? Still in a blind fury, Stripey ran back and forth and round and round, scratching and clawing at the sides of the pit, for without a doubt he was in a pit, and alone, yes, all alone. Now where could that other tiger be? Stripey stopped a minute to think about this mystery. He couldn't solve it. He didn't know that the people of the nearest village, Mawi and Mawi's father and their neighbors, had set a trap for him. He didn't see that they had put a mirror by the edge of the pit, and that the other tiger was only a reflection of his splendid self.

After Stripey had thought a long time, his anger against the other tiger began to cool, and Stripey grew uneasy about himself. How was he to get out of this place? Stripey was getting very much worried, for he remembered that once his brother had fallen into a pit and disappeared, no one knew where.

"I'll try to jump out," thought Stripey hopefully, and he gave a light, springy leap which took him half way up the side of the pit. "That will never do," said Stripey aloud. "I'll have to make a better effort than that."

"You certainly will," said a voice from above, and when Stripey looked up, there was Husky Tusky wagging his trunk in sympathy, also Billie Mongoose winking his bright little eyes. Both were thinking hard how they could help.

In the tree overhead, Jacky Monk chattered with

excitement, and Polly Parrot screamed in alarm. They had all heard Stripey's fierce growls and cries, and crept up to see what was going on. Usually they were afraid of him, but now that he was in trouble, they were all very sorry. It was terrible to see him leaping and springing with every ounce of strength in his long, strong body, and always falling short of the mark. Stripey Tiger was suffering not with pain, but with fright, and that is sometimes worse. The animals, seeing their former enemy so helpless, forgot that he was fierce and cruel and were truly very sorry for him.

"Rest a little now," said Husky Tusky, as Stripey panted from his exertion.

"Then take the longest and strongest leap you ever made in your life, Cousin Stripey," said Blackie Panther, who had just come up."

"Quick, Stripey, do it now!" cried Polly Parrot from the tree top. "I see men coming!"

"And I feel the thud of their footsteps," said Husky Tusky, putting his sensitive trunk to the ground

"I know you can do it," chattered Billie Mongoose cheerfully.

With all this encouragement, Stripey determined to try again. Down, down, close to the damp earth he crouched. His fine long tail twitched, and his lithe body quivered with excitement. Then he made one magnificent spring toward the edge of the pit. He barely cleared it, but that was enough to bring him

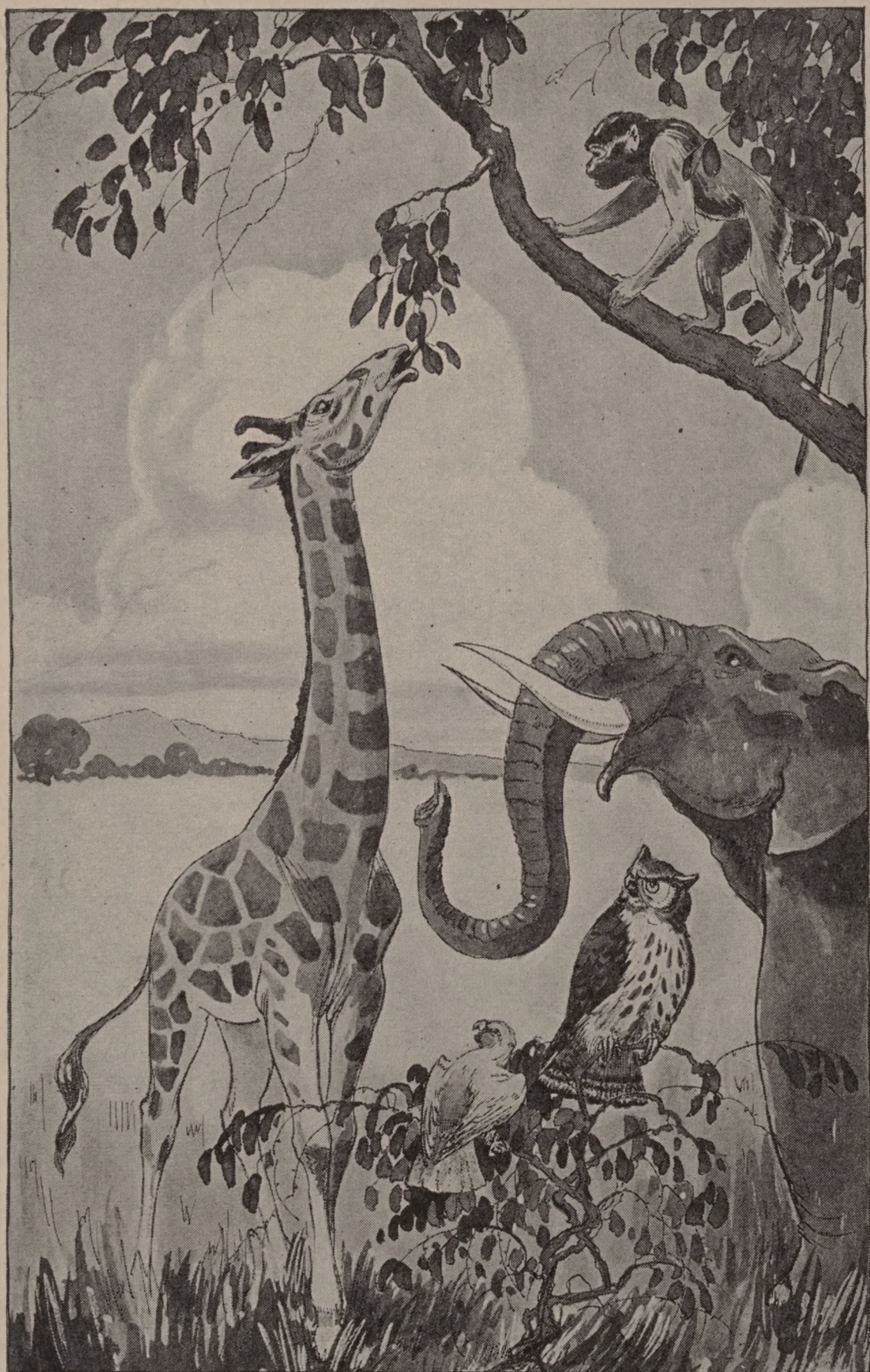
to safety. Off into the deep black shadows of the Jungle bounded Stripey, without a word to his comrades. They understood that every second was precious to him, and they slipped quietly away, glad that poor Stripey Tiger was out of danger.

None too quickly did they go, for ever so soon little brown Mawi and Mawi's father, with all the neighbors from the nearby village, came up to the pit and looked in. They expected to find Stripey Tiger there, but all that they saw was the big, empty pit, its sides clawed and scratched, showing signs of a great struggle for liberty. The men were much disappointed, but Mawi was glad. He had heard of the fate of Stripey's brother. He knew that the other big Tiger had been carried to a far land and kept in a cage for people to look at. So down in his warm little heart Mawi was glad that Stripey was still free and happy in his native Jungle, even though he was a dangerous enemy.

HOW RAFFY GIRAFFE GREW TALL

Did you ever think you would like to grow tall? Well, Raffy Giraffe did, and he found a way to do it, too. You see, it is said that long, long ago he was short, like most of the other animals, and not bold or energetic either. So he wasn't very important in Animal Land. His large brown eyes were timid and gentle. He never had a word to say for himself, so the others just thought that Raffy didn't matter at all. When it came to browsing for food on the ground or within easy reaching distance, Grouchy Camel, or Bulky Hippo or Mrs. Ostrich would push shy little Raffy Giraffe right out of the way. If he ever saw an especially fresh bunch of leaves on a bush, Husky Tusky's quick long trunk would be sure to gather it in before he had gained courage to move.

That wasn't Raffy's only trouble, either. He was just full of troubles. You see, Mr. Lion thought Raffy would make a juicy bit of food, and Raffy had to keep his eyes constantly open to see that Mr. Lion didn't pounce on him. Raffy got so in the habit of straining his eyes and looking hard that all at once they began to stick way out, round and bulgy. Then he discovered that he could see all around himself. There wasn't much danger from surprise attacks any more.



AT LAST RAFFY'S LONG TONGUE TOUCHED THE LEAVES

"Well, that trouble is nearly over," thought Raffy to himself, "but the matter of getting food is even more important. How appetizing those beautiful green leaves away up on that acacia tree do look! I wish I could get them, but there isn't any use in wishing. I couldn't reach them in a thousand years. I won't look at them, for they will just make my mouth water. I suppose, though, that there's no harm in trying, as nobody is around to see me. There, I knew I couldn't! I can't get anywhere near them!"

But each day Raffy Giraffe reached for the tender acacia leaves. In spite of his shyness, he had that grit which makes people stick to things. Little by little he seemed to be getting nearer, until at last one day his long tongue touched the delicious green leaves, and he knew that his wish had come true. Raffy was so excited and interested to see how far he could reach that he hadn't noticed the other animals gathering around.

"Goodness, gracious!" said Jacky Monk, "he's getting up into my territory."

"And mine," screamed Polly Parrot.

"I never saw such a long neck in my life," trumpeted Husky Tusky. "It beats my trunk!"

"How in the world did he do it?" they all cried in chorus.

Raffy Giraffe tried to tell them, but he was too shy to speak. As a matter of fact, he has never made

a sound to this day, even though he is still the tallest animal in the world.

Then wise Mr. Owl spoke up and said: "Don't you know how he did it? Why, he simply reached and kept on reaching. The very best things hang high, and you grow by reaching for them."

THE JUNGLE FLAG

"Let's have a picnic," said Billie Mongoose one day to a few of his friends, who had gathered in the cool of the early morning to talk things over.

"What is a picnic?" asked Husky Tusky, the Elephant.

"Well, I don't know very much about it myself," said Billie, "but I heard my friend Mr. Burnet talking about one that he, Matey, and Mollie had on the last Fourth of July, so I thought it would be fun for us to have a picnic this year. Mr. Burnet said something about loving one's country, making a noise, and having many good things to eat. I'm sure we love our Jungle, and when it comes to making a noise Husky Tusky can do that, and we can always find plenty of good things to eat."

Then Polly Parrot was sent out to get the other animals, because she could talk very fast and explain everything. Soon they began to come. Among them were Carrie Carabao with her best friend Timmy Crane sitting on her back, Stripey Tiger, Grouchy Camel, who was in a little better humor than usual, Humpty, the Sacred Bullock, who felt almost too good to go to common Jungle parties, little Lizzie Lizard, Jacky Monk, and Flying Squirrel.

MORAN
STINEWELL



POLLY PARROT PAINTED BIG STARS ON STRIPEY TIGER

"Do you suppose Proudy Peacock will come?" whispered Jacky to Lizzie Lizard. You see Jacky was so talkative he couldn't keep still and wait like the others.

"I don't know," said Lizzie. "He's not very sociable. But, oh look! Here he comes with his brother, and there are Tweet and Pete, the parakeets, also Mr. Leopard, whom nobody quite dares to call by his first name. There's Baby Crocodile crying already! That's how he gets his own way all the time. Here comes Bulky Hippopotamus, too. He has a very good heart, but no manners at all."

"Now where shall we get the feast?" began Baby Crocodile, opening his mouth very wide and beginning to shed tears.

"Oh, I know," shouted Polly Parrot. "You just do what I say, and you'll have a beautiful feast."

Polly was especially good at giving orders. She sent Jacky Monk running up the cocoanut tree to throw down cocoanuts to Husky Tusky, who stood underneath to catch them with his trunk. Then Bulky Hippo stepped on them hard and cracked them. Billie Mongoose found some breadfruit which had dropped from a breadfruit tree, so he went to work making sandwiches with cinnamon between, and Carrie Carabao helped him. Everyone, including even Proudy Peacock, brought something, and soon they had nutmegs, big brown cacao beans, from which our good breakfast cocoa is made, bananas, and sugar

cane. Besides, the milk inside the cocoanuts made a most delicious drink.

Now everything was ready. The food looked so tempting as it was spread out on the grass that the animals all sat right down and began to eat.

When everyone had finished and there wasn't a teeny, weeny crumb left, Billie Mongoose said: "We really must sing a song, or wave a flag, or do something. But what shall we do for a flag? The one I saw at Mr. Burnet's house had many stars and stripes on it, and was very beautiful indeed."

Just then Stripey Tiger, who had been as quiet as could be all this time, waved his tail, which gave Billie a wonderful idea, and he exclaimed: "We'll paint stars on Stripey and let him be the flag!"

Everyone shouted with joy at this, and Stripey felt so flattered that he didn't care any more that the food hadn't been much to his taste. Polly Parrot went for some indigo, which grows in the Jungle, and painted lots of big blue stars on Stripey. Of course, they ought to have been white stars, but these animals weren't Americans and so didn't know any better. Then Stripey Tiger waved and waved the best he could, making himself very wiggly, while all the other folks gave three rousing cheers for Billie Mongoose, who had suggested the picnic in the Jungle.

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